

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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DR. DIX'S PICTURE OF MODERN SOCIETY.

IN his recent Lenten lecture on the sins of fashionable society, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, the Rector of Trinity Church, New York, reiterates, in terms more sweeping than he has previously employed, the grave charges which formed the basis of his almost equally sensational discourse a year ago. He pictures the corruption of New York's "higher classes" with the lurid exaggeration of a Carlyle—it might almost be said, with the suggestiveness of a Zola. To keep to the straight and narrow path of settled principle, clean living and purity of heart, says Dr. Dix, is much harder now for our young people than it was a quarter of a century ago, "because a false sentiment, widely influential, condones their excesses, and even approves of their errors." This demoralized tone of society, he charges, is due to the public journals which "feed a taste for what is vulgar, coarse and low," supplemented by fiction of the same tone; to "that special kind of poetry justly named 'Fleshly,' in which this vile body of ours, with its stirring passions and their manifestation, forms the perpetual theme"; to "the drama, as we have it now"; to modern art, "which devotes itself mainly to the delineation of lascivious and salacious figures"; and even to the shop-windows, "where vile woodcuts and engravings meet the eye and help on the work of corrupting the public mind." The Sodom-wards tendency of our society, according to Dr. Dix's observation, is scandalously demonstrated even in public by the dress and behavior of fashionable women. The average man of society is morally a veritable wehr-wolf. The training of



REV. MORGAN DIX.

young girls, the "rosebuds" of the social garden, is characterized by a deadly softness and luxury—"with the one idea of making a figure in society and a brilliant marriage; of making the most of their physical advantages, and alluring the other sex by the acts best adapted to that purpose. See them at their lunch parties, with a dozen courses and half as many kinds of wines; at the opera, immodestly attired; at the ball, giving the whole night to dissipation," etc.

The picture is a startling one; yet we cannot but feel that Dr. Dix has been most unfortunate in choosing a field for his social studies, which obviously could not have been made within his own circle of acquaintances. Ladies and gentlemen open their eyes in amazement, and wonder what society Dr. Dix is describing. Certainly it is not that of the joyous, refined and aesthetic world in which they live, move and have their being. Bright, blooming girls, fresh from a canter in the Park or a bout with the foils, ask with innocent curiosity what this shocking fiction, poetry and drama may be, to which such pointed allusion is made; and they laugh outright at the preposterous idea of a feminine lunch party where six wines are served!

No wonder they are puzzled and shocked. Echoes of the mediæval cloister are not a fit substitute for the frank, sane and catholic criticism which modern enlightened society welcomes, and undoubtedly needs. No! Dr. Dix has unconsciously fallen into the ways of certain of those French painters whom he denounces, and produced a sensational, theatrical picture, at the reckless sacrifice of truth and probability.



THE NEW EASTER BONNET.

REV. MORGAN DIX, D.D., AND HIS CRUSADE AGAINST THE ALLEGED FRAILTIES OF MODERN SOCIETY.

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EASTER.

EASTER and Spring are in the air. Ere yet "the Winter's foil" is here, or solemn Holy Week is over, sure premonitions of the Christian joy-festival are abroad, as universal as the sunshine. It permeates the entire fabric of society, disarming skepticism with a radiant smile, and wafting away the malaria of pessimism with one breath of the incense of paschal lilies. "A little while," whispers the voice of Nature, interpreted by the poet,—

"And air, soil, wave, suffused shall be in softness, bloom and growth;
A thousand forms shall rise
From these dead clods and chills, as from low burial graves.
Thine eyes, ears—all thy best attributes—all that takes
cognizance of natural beauty,
Shall wake and fill."

All the "simple shows and delicate miracles" of the Spring-awakened earth—the appearance of the tender grass, the crocus and dandelion, the bursting of the maple-buds, the songs of the phoebe-bird and robin—are typically reproduced in the hundred little outward demonstrations belonging to the cheerful conventions with which human society has garlanded the paschal shrine. Thus, strolling down the fashionable promenade, we see in every shop-window the decorated eggs which symbolize the revivification of Nature, and which are to the Christian a parable of the resurrection. The letter-carrier's bag is filled with illuminated Easter-cards, bearing messages of friendliness and joy. Beautiful heads burgeon out in new bonnets, like the lilies of the field, or the tulips and roses of the garden. Strains of divine music float from the organ-lofts where rehearsals are in progress; and the choicest flowers of which science can cheat the lingering Winter are brought to deck the altars and pulpits for Easter. Even the most worldly and sordid business appointments are dated so many days before or after that morning of all mornings in the year—the Sunday following the paschal full moon. As in Nature, so in the heart of man, deep beneath all outward manifestations and signs, inscrutably moves the informing spirit of the divine and omniscient Creator.

They tell us that pagans first sang praises at the gates of the morning, and laid their tributes at the light feet of the blossom-crowned Spring, personified in a certain goddess Eastre, whose name still remains. Then do we salute and congratulate those pagans upon their poetic idea! Into that festival or form, whatever may have been its origin, Christianity has infused the breath of immortal life—the divine thought which to-day, in remembrance of the open sepulchre from which the world's Saviour walked on the first Easter morn, is as a rainbow of hope to mortal man, filling his life with inspiration and joy, and expressed in the triumphant *Resurgam* on his lowly tomb.

Dearer, more significant than even the Christmas anniversary itself, then, is the recurrence of this commemorative festival of the triumph of immortality in Christ. It is not strange, as it unquestionably is true, that its recognition is far more general amongst the various churches and sects of Christendom to-day than it was at a time within the recollection of many of us. Would that the spontaneity and accord were not so nearly confined to this observance alone!

THE GRANT-BADEAU CONTROVERSY.

THE controversy over the authorship of General Grant's Memoirs, which has found its way into the newspapers as the result of certain claims and demands of General Adam Badeau, is in every respect unfortunate, but there can be no question that the public sympathy is overwhelmingly with the defense. The facts in the case may be briefly stated. On the side of the Grants, we have the General's agreement to pay Badeau \$10,000 under certain conditions for assistance upon the Memoirs; Badeau's demand for \$1,000 monthly, and his claim that no one but himself could complete the book; Grant's scathing reply and dismissal of Badeau; the latter's claim upon Mrs. Grant three months after the hero's death; and the explanations of Colonel Frederick Grant, who says that the question is not one of paying money to Badeau, but of "admitting for a moment the least shadow of his claim to have written, suggested or inspired" General Grant's work. On the other side, Badeau has set forth at length his special qualifications for the work, and the injury done to his own book by the Memoirs. He has stated in so many words that the Memoirs could not have been written without his aid, adding, strangely enough, that he has endeavored, "at the sacrifice of both money and reputation, to keep back the secrets shared with General Grant." If this means anything at all, it means that while Badeau is professing to cherish Grant's memory and to blame only Colonel Frederick Grant, whom he assails at length and practically accuses of writing his father's severe answer to Badeau's demand for a monthly payment of \$1,000, he is really charging General Grant with the perpetration of a great literary fraud.

But between Grant and Badeau no one will hesitate to

make a choice, and we have the dying hero's letter, in which he says with characteristic bluntness that he would have nothing to do with any book that was not wholly his own. It appears that Badeau was entitled to some compensation for labors largely clerical, and that the Grants admitted these claims and were ready to pay him, but not until he had resigned all claim to the authorship of the Memoirs. Possibly it would have been wiser for the Grants to have paid Badeau, as they could well afford to do, and so have got rid of him, relying upon the intrinsic evidence of the Memoirs and the letters and memoranda in their possession to disprove any future claim. It would certainly have been better for Badeau to have surrendered every penny of his claim ten times over than to have put himself in the position of befouling the memory of the man to whom he owed military rank, position in Washington, diplomatic offices, the material for his literary work—in short, everything he is.

It has never occurred to Badeau, who makes much of himself as a "literary man," that the literary work of General Grant is superior to his own; and yet such is the fact. It is this very fact which makes Badeau's claims more than ridiculous. Whatever Grant's mistakes may have been, he was honest, and his rugged integrity shows in every line of his stinging letter to Badeau. As for the pretense that this particular letter was the production of Colonel Grant, it is too absurd to be considered for a moment. No one who has ever read the Memoirs can doubt for an instant that the hand which penned them also framed the letter in question. Besides, the original copy of this letter, written in lead-pencil on a pad similar to those used in writing in the Memoirs, is in possession of the family of General Grant.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.

THE uncertainty with regard to the health of the Emperor Frederick naturally turns attention to the character and the qualities of the Prince who may be suddenly called to the throne. The policy of Germany is a matter of grave concern to every nation, and the sense of relief which followed on the first utterances of the new Emperor is giving way to an undefined, but very real, dread of what may happen with the accession to power of William II.

The character of the Crown Prince seems to justify the forebodings of men. There can be no doubt that he is imperious and overbearing, indifferent to the claims of culture, and devoted almost fanatically to military affairs. The heir of a house so lifted up by material success, he sets no bounds to his pride of place. The incident reported of him at San Remo, when, on the way to church, he shook off his mother before the crowd and walked alone, as "the representative of the Emperor," must be authentic. If not literally true, it must be true in spirit, for no such story could be told of a person known to be courteous. It is deplorable that a man so unfit to rule may, at any moment, become the unquestioned master of a military force like that of Germany; and her neighbors do well to stand on their guard. Undoubtedly, there will be no rashness while Bismarck lives; but it is quite conceivable that all his sagacity and experience may be taxed to the uttermost to prevent new combinations that shall leave Germany isolated among the Powers. The friendship and possible alliance of England are of capital importance to Germany; and the future ruler of Germany is so little of a statesman that he takes pains to parade his hatred of the English. His people, instead of applauding, would do well to think of the haughty spirit that goes before a fall.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

AN idea better than that of charity was embodied in Edward Everett Hale's story, "Ten Times One," which led to the organization of clubs of mutual helpers throughout the country, and that was the idea of universal brotherhood and sisterhood. It is the same idea which underlies the beautiful Order called "The King's Daughters," founded only two years since. In January, 1886, a circle of ten New York ladies met to discuss and arrange some plan which should "unite all Christian women in one grand sisterhood of service." Adopting the system of Mr. Hale's "Ten Times One" clubs, they constituted themselves a "Central Ten," a nucleus around which other "Tens" should gather, but without assuming special authority or responsibility. The name of "The King's Daughters" was chosen. The badge selected was a small silver cross tied with a ribbon of purple, the royal color, and the watchword was the simple "In His Name" of the Apostles. The mottoes chosen were: "Look forward, and not back"; "Look out, and not in"; "Look up, and not down"; and "Lend a hand." There was no constitution nor laws save the general regulation that whenever any reasonable request was made "In His Name" it should be granted without question or delay. The rapid growth of the Order has made it advisable to have a "Central Ten," or executive committee, and a constitution and various data are now to be printed.

This Order has worked silently. Very little has been published regarding it, and yet the membership has grown to exceed 10,000. This includes "people from almost every State, from remote countries over the sea, people in every walk of life—pastors, matrons of hospitals, teachers, leaders of philanthropic societies, presidents of colleges, Fifth Avenue belles, shopgirls, and children

from the Bowery." There are "Tens that visit the sick, Tens which supply hospitals and homes with flowers, Tens that sing and Tens that sew, Tens that endow beds in hospitals, Tens that provide pleasant country homes for deserving poor, and Tens that simply 'bridle their tongues' and endeavor to live in love and charity with all men 'In His Name.'" Wealthy shoppers and little cash-girls have met and recognized their sisterhood in the Order; indeed, the stories told of recognition and mutual help in public places show over and over again the usefulness of the Order's work.

Few of the King's Daughters can build an annex to a hospital, as Mrs. R. H. Townsend has done for Bellevue, but there are hundreds who distribute flowers and fruit to the poor, who furnish music or reading matter for inmates of hospitals, and who do all manner of good works "In His Name." The society is founded upon the idea of universal sisterhood in the Saviour's love, regardless of worldly rank or condition, and the idea is beautifully carried out. This is practical Christianity—the Christianity of the Apostles. Possibly the Rev. Morgan Dix might moderate his criticisms of our modern society if he would take the means to familiarize himself with the work of this and similar societies of women.

THE AMERICAN FLAG FOR AMERICANS.

MAYOR HEWITT'S downright independence and plainness of speech have called out many complaints, but when the Mayor condescends to explain himself, it is usually found that he has a great deal of common sense and justice on his side. Some of the Irish paraders were deeply grieved because the Mayor would neither review them nor permit the Irish flag to fly from the City Hall on St. Patrick's Day; yet on this occasion, and on the funeral day of the Emperor of Germany, Mayor Hewitt directed the appropriate display of the national, State and municipal flags. In a pithy message to the Aldermen he lays down the principle that the American flag must cover all citizens, whether natives or of foreign birth. He points out that he has refused to allow English, German, French and Italian as well as Irish flags to float over the City Hall, and he stoutly asserts that while he is Mayor no flag except our own shall be raised over the municipal building. He pluckily declares that the whole policy of our political system has been to efface all distinctions between citizens on the ground of birth, and that the City Charter does not know or recognize any other than American citizens. He clearly shows that principle and policy alike are opposed to any recognition of race differences in this united country. Mayor Hewitt's letter will touch a sympathetic chord in the breast of every true American. We have heard too much of the Irish vote, the German vote, and similar distinctions. Mayor Hewitt has done good service by calling attention to "the good old-fashioned American idea of home rule, homesteads, and home products." As he says, "the supremacy of the American flag should never be diluted by any suggestion of divided allegiance."

THE COST OF FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

THE House of Representatives passed, last week, an Act authorizing the issue of \$15,000,000 in fractional silver certificates, in denominations of ten, twenty-five and fifty cents. The chief argument in favor of the proposed issue was that this kind of money may be used for many purposes for which coin is not adaptable. For the transmission of small amounts through the mails it is preferable either to coin or to the postage-stamp, which at best is only an apology for a remittance. As for the various postal devices for forwarding money directly or by proxy, none of them answer all the requirements of convenience, economy and safety.

But while it may be granted that for certain purposes fractional currency would be a desirable substitute for existing means of transferring small amounts, convenience is not all that is to be considered in this case. As far as the experience of the American people is concerned, it has been demonstrated that paper money in fractional denominations is the most costly of currencies. Although the issue of fractional currency during the war period was limited to \$50,000,000 and there has not been a note of this class issued since February 15th, 1876, or in twelve years, there are now outstanding over \$15,000,000 which have never been presented for redemption. Most of this has been lost or destroyed; in fact, Congress, in June, 1879, by special enactment, charged off over \$8,000,000 as so extinguished. What chance there is of the other \$7,000,000 ever being redeemed may be inferred from the fact that only about \$100,000 have been returned to the Treasury in the past six years. Some few of the small notes reported as outstanding are in the hands of collectors; but for the most part, the \$15,000,000, or 33 per cent. of the total \$50,000,000, have been lost to the people who received and handled them. Nor is it a proper compensation that the Government has been the gainer, for of all systems of taxation, the least commendable is that which draws a revenue from a bad system of currency. It is a discriminating tax levied upon individual losses.

That the loss to individuals from the use of fractional currency is out of all proportion to the loss resulting from the employment of other kinds of money admits of easy proof. The first issue of fractional notes began August 21st, 1862, and ended May 27th, 1863. During that period of about nine months there were \$20,215,635 of those notes issued, of which there are now over \$4,200,000 unredeemed, although nearly twenty-five years have elapsed since the last note of that series was issued. Over twenty-one per cent. of that issue has never been redeemed, and there can be no question that most of it has been destroyed.

Between August 26th, 1861, and March 5th, 1862, there were issued \$60,000,000 of old demand notes in denominations of \$5, \$10 and \$20, of which only about \$57,000 are outstanding or unredeemed, or less than one-tenth of one per cent. of the total issue. About the same proportion of loss is shown in the case of the one and two year notes of 1863, of which there were \$61,000,000 issued in denominations ranging from \$10 to \$100. Of these notes only \$46,000 remain unredeemed, or less than one-thirteenth of one per

cent. of the total issue. The same is true of the compound-interest notes, of which \$268,000,000 were issued between June 9th, 1864, and July 24th, 1866, and all but about \$199,000 have been redeemed.

These issues of notes were all made almost contemporaneously with the first issue of fractional currency. In the one case, over \$397,000,000 of notes were issued, and all except about \$903,000 have been redeemed. In the other, over \$4,000,000 out of \$20,000,000 remain unredeemed, twenty-five years after the last of them were issued, and with the fair presumption that they have been lost to the owners, for they are not in circulation nor in the custody of the banks or the Treasury. A currency involving so large a percentage of loss to the people should have some extraordinary compensating virtues to recommend it.

THE NEXT CENSUS.

THE value of statistical information is beginning to be pretty thoroughly appreciated among us. Newspaper articles fairly bristle with figures; half the more serious periodical literature is based upon a careful study of statistical tables; our colleges and institutions of learning, less than a generation ago entirely consecrated to literature and mathematics, now offer ample opportunities for the study of practical questions based upon facts as found in figures. As General Walker has pointed out in the current number of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, within the present decade ten times as many people as formerly have become able to criticize statistics intelligently, twenty times as many are able to put them to practical use, and a hundred times as many are eager for the information which is to be found in them alone. Commercial conventions, conventions of social scientists, of philanthropists, of experts in every art, from railway management to the organization of churches, all base their investigations and their proceedings upon facts drawn from statistical tables. They lie at the very foundation of the new departure in the study of human relationships.

This being the case, it is none too soon to look forward to the Eleventh Census as an event of great significance, and to urge that an ample appropriation be made to meet its exigencies. The United States now occupies the front rank among all nations in the value and completeness of its statistics, with the single exception of the department of births and deaths. Its Reports are standard, and are carefully studied by economists, statesmen and philanthropists of every civilized nation.

The Tenth Census, with its two octavo volumes of summary, and its twenty-four quarto volumes of details, with their hundreds of maps and thousands upon thousands of diagrams, plans and sketches, is a monument of careful research and a library of valuable information. Some of the studies it presents to the public are definitive, and need not be undertaken again. Other departments, having been thoroughly investigated and exhaustively presented, will require in future only slight revision from time to time. Such are the two volumes on Water-power as applied to Manufactures, and the great Statistical, Agricultural and Commercial Investigation of the Cotton Culture of the country as embodied in Volumes V. and VI. A mere mention of the other subjects included in the Tenth Census Report—Statistics of Population, of Agriculture, of Transportation, of Valuation, Taxation and Public Indebtedness; of Newspapers and Periodicals; of Shipbuilding, Alaska and the Fur Seal Islands; of Petroleum, Coke, and Building-stones and Quarrying; of Mortality, of Precious Metals, of Mining Laws; of Coal, Iron, Copper, and the Useful Metals; Social Statistics of Cities; of Wages, Trades Unions and Strikes; of Defective, Delinquent and Dependent Classes; of Machinery—such an enumeration will suffice to show that, though requiring constant renewal, the country cannot afford to be without them, though their cost were far greater than it is.

The cost, though increasing from decade to decade as the area of investigation has widened, will be seen to have been kept within the lowest possible limits. In 1850, the Seventh Census cost 5.84 cents per capita of population. The cost of the Eighth Census was 6.20 cents; that of the Ninth, 8.71 cents; that of the Tenth, 9.68 cents. Considering the enormous extent of territory and the sparseness of population of our country; considering, too, that the schedules of population alone filled more than 1,000 ledgers of the largest size, and that a bare transcript of the facts collected in a Census like the Tenth would fill a large library, the economy with which the Census is conducted will be evident.

In whatever aspect considered, the next Census is a matter of deep and far-reaching importance. It should not be handicapped, as was the Tenth Census, by an inadequate appropriation.

THE GROWTH OF RITUALISM.

THE election of the Rev. Dr. Henry Y. Satterlee, of Calvary Church, as Assistant Bishop of Ohio, is somewhat in the nature of a compromise. Dr. Satterlee is a Broad Churchman with High Church tendencies. Calvary Church used to be one of the staunchest of the Low Church or so-called Evangelical parishes, but the uninterrupted onward march of Ritualism has made itself felt even there. Last May a vested choir of boys and men was introduced, notwithstanding that it necessitated the retirement of Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, who had for twenty-seven years been the organist of the church. The Ohio High and Low Churchmen were so evenly divided that an extreme man in either direction could not be elected. Dr. Satterlee was supported by the High Churchmen, and was elected on the fourth ballot. The aged Bishop Bedell, whom he displaces and will succeed, is one of the most pronounced Low Churchmen in the country. Dr. Satterlee, who will assume full episcopal control of the diocese, will at least tolerate the High Church practices so obnoxious to Bishop Bedell, and the probabilities are that a rapid growth in Ritualism will speedily ensue. The election adds one more thorn in the side of the Low Church party. The growth of Ritualism in the West is something phenomenal. Bishops McLaren of Chicago, Quintard of Tennessee, Welles of Milwaukee, and Seymour of Springfield (Ill.), are all extreme High Churchmen, and Brown of Fond du Lac, Burgess of Quincy (Ill.), Dudley of Kentucky and Vail of Kansas are moderates. Scarcely a Low Churchman of prominence is left in the West. Racine College and Nashotah House are yearly turning out young clergymen of the most advanced character. The present strength of the Low Church party is almost entirely confined to the clergy of over fifty years of age. The younger clergy almost to a man are Ritualists. And the singular but undeniable thing is, that the wonderful growth of the Episcopal Church in late years has been coincident with the advance in High Churchmanship.

CHEMICAL FOOD.

A SUBJECT which has occupied many imaginative scientists is, the attainment by synthesis of organic results similar to those produced by nature. The scientist can take animal and vegetable products, and by analysis determine the quantity, and even the quality, of the various substances which have entered into their composition. But when he has determined the formula, and has

attempted to follow it and blend these substances together, in order to produce a result like that in nature, he has found that his process would not work; something was wanting. Yet enthusiasts believe that advance in the science of chemistry will solve the problem. Already it has been found possible to manufacture glucose in the laboratory out of the simple elements, in the same manner that glucose might be produced by making use of vegetable matter, and sanguine souls see in this the beginning of manufactures which shall anticipate and replace the processes of nature. With their inspired vision these same enthusiasts see a time when, by combinations of gases and other elements, the chemists will turn out the materials needed for the food of man. This is a beautiful theory. The man who hungers for a beefsteak is to apply to a public chemist, who will mix and boil, and stir and precipitate, until he finally produces a chemical beefsteak. As a matter of fact, it is not difficult to obtain the chemical constituents of steak, or any other food, but we fear that the artificial production of animal food will only be attained when spontaneous generation is actually demonstrated, instead of being vaguely claimed.

It would be a beautiful thing if we could all make our own food, and become independent of butcher and baker and milkman; but even if chemical constituents were accurate, the palate, eye and demands of the stomach must be consulted, as well as chemical formulae. It may be that a time will come when our food will be prepared in chemical laboratories, according to formulae; but we shall not live to see that time, and on the whole we don't want to.

HOW FICKLE ARE THE FRENCH?

IT is often said and printed that no Government can last in France more than twenty years, and the reason given is always the French fickleness. Impatient and flighty as they are, it is said, they cannot endure a settled order of things, and must have excitement and change.

It is a fact that since 1789 there has been no French Government that has lasted quite twenty years. Louis Philippe was King of the French people for less than eighteen years, and Napoleon III. ruled as Emperor from December, 1851, to September, 1870. The Republic has lasted now nearly as long as the Monarchy of Louis Philippe, and longer, by more than two years, than the whole term of Napoleon's power as First Consul and as Emperor, and as much longer than the reigns of the two Bourbon Kings, Louis XVIII. and Charles X., taken together.

This is a point to be remembered, because it is constantly asserted that the Revolution turned the heads of the French people and unsettled their minds, so that they have never been at rest except under a strong hand. When was the strong hand wanting under the kings or the emperors? There is nothing in history to show that the French are more fickle than any other nation, and the longest reign recorded in European annals is that of Louis XIV. Disputes for the succession to the crown and civil wars abound in the records of every people in Europe. How does it, then, happen that the fickleness of the French has become a proverb with other nations? So far as American belief in the proverb is concerned, it is taken ready-made from the English and the Germans, two peoples steadily opposed to the democratic ideas represented by France. Neither England nor Prussia, which has become Germany, has had any dynastic struggles within the memory of living men, and the form of government in each country presents an apparent stability. Nothing is more easy than to ascribe to a superiority of character what is merely an accident of chronology. The pretenders to power are still many and active in France, and the Republic has to contend not only with the difficulties which in all countries stand in the way of good government, but also with the intrigues and the opposition of the Legitimists and the Orléanists and the Bonapartists. There is no such complicated situation in the politics of any other country; and the situation has been made for France by the natural order of past events, and in no sense by the fickleness of the people.

It is not by fickleness, but by stability of character and of conduct, that a nation multiplies industries, and accumulates wealth, and cultivates the arts and sciences, and holds its own as a great civilizing Power; and not to see this is to stand self-convicted of something much more disgraceful than fickleness.

THE United States Supreme Court has decided the Telephone cases before it in favor of the Bell Company, declaring all the patents of that company to be valid. This decision will, of course, end the prolonged litigation, but it is to be regretted that it should have been made by only four of the nine Judges constituting the Court. Justice Gray, who was disqualified by having previously passed judgment on some of the questions involved, and Justice Lamar, who was appointed since the argument, did not sit in the case, and Judges Bradley, Field and Harlan dissented. It is stated as a somewhat curious fact that speculators had information as to the conclusion of the Court some two weeks before it was announced, and that the rise in Bell Telephone stock from 218 to 240, within that time, was due to this fact. It would be interesting to know just where the leak occurred.

THE Iowa Republicans declared strongly, at their State Convention last week, in favor of the nomination of Senator Allison for the Presidency. In their resolutions they declare: "His quarter of a century of service in both branches of Congress has been conspicuous for loyalty to the Republic, for fidelity to principles that underlie the Government, for profound knowledge of the material resources of the nation, for great wisdom and skill in finance, for broad and prudent statesmanship. The embodiment of personal and official integrity, he presents a rare combination of all the elements for a strong party candidate and a wise, popular and honored executive." It cannot be said that this vigorous praise is altogether undeserved. Senator Allison is undoubtedly one of the purest, safest and ablest men now in public life.

It is not creditable to Congress that it should allow itself to be controlled by the clamor against Chinese immigration. Its recent legislation on this subject is not only disgraceful to our boasted statesmanship, but contrary to every principle of international comity. It will prove, too, in its results, harmful to the national interests. We might learn something in this matter from our Canadian neighbors, who, while we are embodying in statutes the narrowest and meanest prejudices, are maturing a broad and statesmanlike policy looking to the utilization, commercially, of the very resources we are at so much pains to discredit. The Dominion Government, we are told, proposes to send a Commissioner to China and Japan for the purpose of developing trade with those countries, being encouraged to this course by the fact that representatives of Chinese houses are already purchasing largely in Canada, especially cottons and woollens. One Canada mill has just received an order for three thousand bales of cotton goods, and negotiations are in progress between Chinese agents and cotton, woolen-blanket and

flannel mill agents. This diversion of Chinese buyers to the Dominion is the natural result of the policy we have adopted at the behest of demagogues of the Dennis Kearney stripe; and if our legislators are capable of comprehending the plainest facts they will make haste to moderate their proscriptive course as to this whole subject.

GREAT consternation has been caused among the liquor-dealers of Pennsylvania by the action of the License Court, which, under the new law, is rejecting fully one-half of the applications for license. The present number of licensed saloons is 5,779, of which 3,427 applied for a renewal. In seven wards, where 727 saloons out of 1,312 asked to be re-licensed, the number of applications granted is only 335. Should the same ratio be maintained in the remaining twenty-four wards the total number of saloons in Philadelphia will be reduced to less than 1,500. The courageous and effective work of the Court in dealing with all applications with reference purely to the public interests has given profound satisfaction to all right-thinking citizens. It really looks as if the day of judgment had come to the infamous traffic which has so long defied all the restraints of law and decency.

It is becoming more and more apparent that the Ways and Means Tariff Bill cannot pass the House without serious modifications. Even Speaker Carlisle has practically abandoned all hopes of passing the measure in its present shape. The difficulty, as he declares it, grows out of the conflicting claims and interests of whisky, sugar, wool, salt and lumber. "Some want whisky and tobacco to carry the bulk of revenue reduction, others insist on sugar and tobacco, and so on, as the interests of constituencies are affected." Another stumbling-block in the way is the proposition as to free wool. The opinion grows that the principal contest will be over this feature of the Bill. The Republicans are divided as to the reduction of the tax on whisky and the repeal or modification of the duty on sugar, but on the wool question they are practically unanimous, and they will make a stubborn fight for the protection of the endangered interest.

An episode that some people, without reflection, might consider a curious feature of the railway strike, is not so remarkable in this advanced age of the world, after all. A few days ago, when an engine took a train out of Kansas City, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Road, a woman named Hattie Reid went along as fireman. During the strike in 1877 she acted as fireman on the locomotive of which her husband was engineer. She not only brought previous experience to bear on the present emergency, but still further exemplified, in the most practical and satisfactory manner, that what man has done woman may do. Perhaps it is not too much to expect, should strike troubles continue a permanent factor in the great labor problem, that plucky, cool-headed, steady-handed, skilled women may here find another among the many new and constantly increasing fields for active competition with men in emulating the example of Hattie Reid of Kansas City. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Knights of Labor, and all managers of strikes, would do well to seriously consider this feminine contingency in making their plans for the future!

WHAT is mildly described in the wholly inadequate newspaper headlines as a "Case of Mistaken Identity" is that of a sane man who for two years has been confined in the Rochester (Minn.) Insane Asylum in place of a lunatic who belonged there. Sylvester S. Hall, a builder, disappeared over two years ago from Minneapolis, and, despite every effort by friends and the work of skilled detectives, all traces of him were lost, until, as suddenly as he dropped out of his daily life, he reappeared on the 16th instant. A lunatic had escaped from the asylum, and Mr. Hall was arrested by a St. Paul policeman and taken to the madhouse, after being identified by three persons as the runaway crazy man. After suffering to the verge of insanity for the mental misfortunes of another man, he was, on an examination by experts, discharged as having recovered his reason! The facts in this case would be pronounced incredible—a travesty on the possible—had they formed the basis for a plot in a novel. Mr. Hall may well be pardoned for any amount of just indignation, and it is not at all strange that he proposes to bring action for heavy damages against those responsible for his incarceration and the exquisite mental torture he must have undergone.

THE typical "intelligent foreigner" must obtain a cheerful idea of the amenities of New York club-life from the revelations in the daily prints. At the Manhattan Club, one member is pictured as marking another's face with soot, a "joke" promptly resented by the punching of the decorative clubman's head. At the New York Club, a legal brother was accused of making excessive charges in a bill against the club and of withdrawing a letter from the Secretary's box, and he was expelled after much recrimination. The Lotos Club, not long since, furnished a "scrapping match" described as lively, although brief. The Union Club has been prolific in scandals. There was the exhilarating Loubat-Turnbull affair, which apparently arose from light mention of a lady's name, and dragged on through a series of suits in the courts. Another member was examined under the Insolvent Debtor's Act, and some enemy secured the publication of the entire testimony in a New York journal. More recently a prominent member of the Club, who was a trustee of a valuable estate, has been charged with appropriating a large share of the funds within his reach, and has fled, presumably to Canada. The inference that the tone and standards of New York club-life are not high may be unjust, but it would seem that the maintenance of a more rigid code of honor in club life is very strongly called for.

THE long-promised Local Government Bill was last week introduced in the British House of Commons. It is radical in its scope, but with strange inconsistency carefully excludes Ireland from its provisions. As is generally known, the counties of England and Wales are now governed by various functionaries, boards, etc., with various duties and powers. The Bill proposes to establish county councils, to be elected directly by ratepayers, which are to have control of the county police, to wield the powers now exercised by the local authorities over gas and water works, artisans' dwellings, the sale of food and drugs, and sanitary conditions, and to make advances in aid of emigration, when there is reason to believe that the advances will be repaid. London will be created a county by itself, with a Lord Lieutenant. Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, Bradford, Nottingham, Hull and Newcastle will also constitute counties in themselves. The Bill is certainly a long step toward the introduction of the democratic principle into British affairs, but it is difficult to understand why its blessings should be denied to the Irish. If local self-government is a good thing for England and Wales, it cannot be a bad thing for Ireland; and while many Liberals may support the new measure on grounds of principle, they can hardly fail to enter an emphatic protest against the injustice of the policy of which it is the latest expression.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 103.



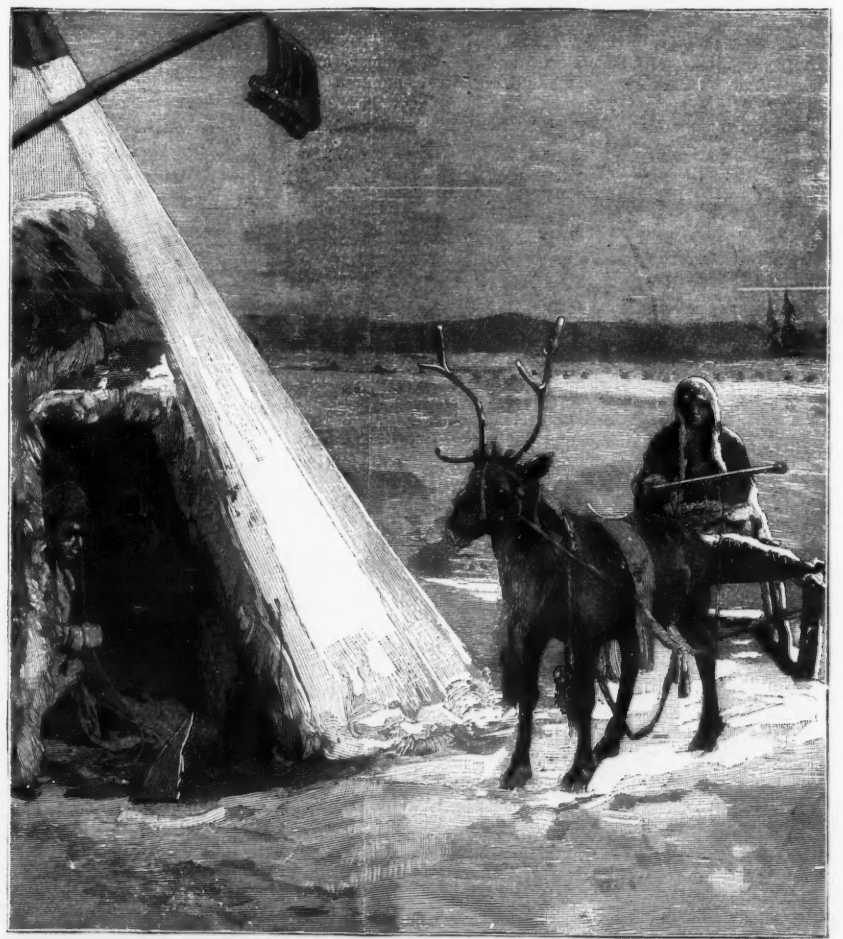
INDIA.—MISS CORNELIA SORABJI, THE FIRST GIRL GRADUATE OF WESTERN INDIA.



RUSSIA.—THE AQUARIUM OF ST. PETERSBURG, WITH ITS FURNITURE AND SURROUNDINGS, CONSTRUCTED ENTIRELY OF ICE.



GERMANY.—CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM AND HIS SON.



FRANCE.—SAMOYEDE ENCAMPMENT, AT THE ETHNOGRAPHIC MUSEUM OF THE TROCADERO, PARIS.



RUSSIA-GERMANY-AUSTRIA.—VIEW OF THE JUNCTION-POINT OF THE THREE EMPIRES, NEAR WARSAW, AND SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE.



DAFFODIL. A STORY FOR EASTER.

BY BULKELEY BOOTH.

SISTER FELICE was very tired as she sank softly down on the steps of the high altar. She was a little nun, and, with others, had been occupied the entire morning in the great Cathedral of St. Xavier. Now, the altar, the chancel, were odorous as a garden, where, in the dim light, lilies stood up whitely, and roses, red as the blood of the pierced Christ, drooped their heavy heads, and waited for the Easter morning.

She had tarried after the others had gone—even the choir-boys had done with rehearsing the Easter carols, and had clattered noisily out. The old organist, in the high and shadowy loft, seemed to have fallen into a reverie, for the strains he drew from the tuneful pipes voiced a wild longing for the bitter-sweet joys of earth, and then soared and lifted the listener into heaven's own delicious calm. Sister Felice listened to the glorious harmony, and

confessional. As those low-keyed tones fell upon her ear, her soul awoke to listen—then, bolder grown, crept up to her eyes to venture a look—looked and surrendered.

Trembling, she went from the holy place. This new emotion that sang through every fibre of her being, and set every joybell a-ringing—was it a sin? For hours she was lifted above all thought of life, its needs and desires, its losses and despairs.

And then came the terrible awakening. She—a nun. He—a priest. Neither could escape from the life each had voluntarily chosen. The round of duties took the semblance of a wheel of torture. Yet she thanked God for the pain. From the tree of knowledge she had plucked and eaten the fruit—"oh, and the sweet of it!"—and knew that the bliss of loving towers above the renunciation of it, as the sun-kissed Alps tower above the cold and stone-fretted brooklet of the valley. Life might stretch on and on, for scores of years—through it all she must lock this precious secret in her breast.

Not even he, with his glorious eyes and voice like a seraph's, must discover how her soul trembled with a fierce, wild joy at touch of his hand, sound of his voice, or glance of his eye.

and then hid it carefully in the bosom of her robe. Scarcely had she done so when she heard a footfall. That loved and familiar sound sent a wave of rosy color up to lose itself beneath her white coif. Assuming the attitude of devotion, she hid her conscious face in the folds of her robe. Father Gregory paused to speak softly, "Faithful Felice," to murmur a *benedicite*, and then passed out of sight within the sacristy.

That night, when all the town was hushed in slumber, a fiend stole out to do its work. The lawless winds of March bore him company. O cruel flames! O relentless winds! The bells awoke and rang out a wild alarm. The puny might of man was pitted against the unleashed forces of Nature. It was an unequal, hopeless struggle. Yet there was no lack of effort, and many a deed of heroism forced from the surging multitude a cheer, even while it shuddered.

At length all knew that the clanging bells were tolling a requiem for the cathedral. The solid masonry might resist those fangs of flame, but the fiery serpents made ladders of the network of ivy, and mounted to the topmost spire. The beautiful windows, sacred to the memory of the dear departed, crackled like parchment in



DAFFODIL.—"FATHER GREGORY APPEARED, OUTLINED AGAINST THAT SHEET OF FLAME." . . . "WHERE THE LILIES STOOD UP WHITELY, SISTER FELICE FELL A-DREAMING."

fell a-dreaming. Nun though she was, bound by solemn vows—she loved with a passionate devotion and constancy that would put to shame a worldling. Was there ever so pretty a picture as the little "Sister"? In the dim light her sweet face shone out like a radiant star. Her eyes were tender, and gray as the drifting mist, and shaded by heavy, curling lashes. Her mouth, so small and red, had the curve of Love's own bow. A flicker of flame burned in her cheeks; by the changing color one could see how sensitive and how responsive was the soul enshrined in such marvelous setting.

Two years before, a stranger priest, Father Gregory by name, had been assigned to the parish. A man of thirty or thereabouts, he was, in body and mind, head and shoulders above his associates, and for beauty, like a Greek god. His bright hair, closely cropped, lay above his white forehead like a kingly crown. Truth was mirrored in those clear blue eyes—one could but yield to a strange magnetism when held by their gaze. But the secret of his subtle power lay in his rare voice. It was commanding or caressing; the most entreating and persuasive voice—most effective in the confessional—tender as a woman's at the bed of death.

It was the fate of Sister Felice to meet the new priest at the

Two years had run their course, day and night, light and shade, joy and grief; pretty Sister Felice patiently performing her duties and believing that her secret was safe in her innocent breast. Yet the sunlight falls upon the leafless oak, and, lo! it is clothed in verdure—its warm presence caresses the ice-bound river, and the waters go rejoicing to the sea.

So, while the music in the dim and distant loft sighed for very tenderness, or went mad with earthly desire, or mounted on wings of heavenly longing, the fair girl at the altar's foot dreamed her dreams. All about and above her the Easter lilies nodded their white bells, and waited for the Easter morn. Suddenly a soft, cool touch on her hand woke her from her dreaming. Her sweet eyes lost that far-away look as they slowly fell to see what had touched her so softly.

A flower had fallen from the great fragrant cross by her side. Not a gleaming lily, with its Easter message, but a golden daffodil. It lay where it had fallen—nestling against her black garment, and half cradled in the pink palm of her hand. "Thou ray of joy!" she cried, in a glad, tender voice. "Come to my heart, harbinger of hope." She kissed the little blossom with an abandon of tenderness,

that fiery breath. The flames crept within, and with profane touch blackened and shriveled the Easter lilies that would never greet the Easter morn.

Standing apart from the crowd was a group of wet-eyed Sisters, who watched the progress of the flames, until all the vast space within the cathedral-walls was fearfully aglow, like Dante's Inferno. Among them, the face of Sister Felice, bathed in that shifting sheet of flame, was a marvel of beauty. Her coif had fallen back, and revealed her wonderful bronze-brown hair, tossed and wind-blown, and clustering about her perfect face, now robbed of its pretty color, out of which gleamed a pair of dusky eyes, melting and tender enough to tempt more than mortal.

A glad thought nestled in her heart, and comforted her through all the terrors about her. An hour before the alarm had been sounded she had peeped through her blinds and had watched with a girlish pride the stalwart man she loved mount his stallion, a fierce and splendid animal, and ride away into the starlit night. Rider and horse—how well they suited each other!—a magnificent pair. She knew that Father Gregory had been summoned to the deathbed of a parishioner, miles away. Only for that he would

now be where danger was direct; and as her white fingers slid mechanically over her beads, the Ave Maria that fell from her lips was freighted with thanksgiving. So, while she counted her beads amid the terrors of that wild March night, her small mouth was curved almost to smiling for thought of his safety.

Does she hear a far-away sound like the coming of swift hoofs?

She holds her breath and strains her ears to listen—then smiles at her fears, and believes it is but the beating of her heart.

Again she lifts her head with the motion of a doe. Alas! alas! it is true! Fleet hoofs smite the stony road—near and nearer they come; rider and horse, moving as if animated by one spirit, dash into that circle of light.

Father Gregory leaped to the ground, tossed the bridle to his groom, and, with a swift career of hand to his reeking steed, he strode straight towards a rear entrance of the burning edifice.

As he passed the group of Sisters, his eyes fell upon the youngest one, Sister Felice. Their eyes met. For a fleeting moment there flashed from under the level brows of the priest an unmistakable look of masculine admiration. Possibly a close observer might have seen a sign of the cross, swiftly made by the shapely hand, which he laid lightly upon the young girl's head, as he said, in a voice of tender reproof:

"Child, this is no place for you. Go where you will be sheltered from this cruel wind."

He would have passed on, but something caught his hand. It was a tress of hair—a daring, darling little tress—that, loosened by the wind, sprang up and twined itself about his finger.

He smiled gravely as he lingered to disengage the clinging coil; took another look into those fathomless eyes—a look which swept such a wave of emotion through his stalwart frame as he had never dreamed of; in another moment he had entered the fiery furnace.

It seemed an age, with that wild wind roaring overhead and fanning the flames to madder fury, while they waited for his reappearance. One in that silent group waited with such a deadly pang tugging at her heart—such a mad desire to cry out in her anguish—that her effort to suppress her cries left her spent of strength and white as the dead.

At length, a shout! Father Gregory appeared, outlined against that sheet of flame, clasping in his arms the sacred vessels, his beauty never so grand and so godlike; and then, amid falling beams, and fiery missiles, and tongues of flames, he sank from view.

Felice? She neither moaned nor wept. Her heart seemed to have died in her bosom. She passed through the excited throng as if her feet were winged. Some men, with a forlorn hope, had dashed into the flames; they emerged, bearing an unconscious form, for which the poor little Sister would have given her life and counted it no loss.

Like a spirit, she followed closely where they bore him, not knowing if he were living or dead.

The men passed down the street, away from all danger, and entered the house of a physician, where they laid down the priest upon the soft rugs of a wide hall. Hardly had they done so when such an uproar arose from the vicinity where the flames waxed the fiercest, that, leaving the priest to the care of the physician, who was bending over him, and to the Sister, hovering near, they hurriedly departed. The physician, with rapid and professional touch, ascertained that the priest had sustained neither fracture of limb nor contusion. The grand face was blackened by smoke and dust, and the physician directed the nun to bathe it carefully.

Ah! doth love need a caution?

Whose hand could so tenderly lave that glorious brow—that grave, sweet mouth?

As the features shone forth in such guise of death the physician shook his head.

"I fear he has inhaled the flames and is past all help."

A sob struggled up through the white throat of the little Sister.

"If my battery were here I would try the effect of electricity."

"Save him, doctor! He must not die!"

It was a voice of tender entreaty—a face of anguish.

"But I must leave you alone a few moments."

"Go!"

The sweet voice rang out like a command.

Felice was alone with her sleeping god.

What did she? Bowed above him—heart on heart—and kissed his shut mouth—a kiss soft as a sigh, sweet as love—that sank thrilling to the depths of his soul, and woke him from what else would have been the sleep of death!

For, even then his soul had poised itself for a flight into the vast unknown, but tarried, to find Felice's encircling arms the dome of heaven—her eyes, the light of it—her lips, its bliss.

He spoke—his voice scarcely yet released from Death's silence; his lips still a-thrill with that kiss of resurrection.

"Felice, my little one! He paused to drink again at that fountain of life."

"Heaven has given my life to you! Oh! Thank God! Thank God!"

The physician returned, (finding the priest rallying, but the little nun lay in a dead faint upon the floor, fair and white as the lilies that had waited in vain for the Easter morn. For her the Easter morning had dawned. Love had arisen.

"Tell me, who is that distinguished-looking couple?" asked pretty Mrs. Tremaine, a new arrival at Sunny Bay, of Colonel Ogilthorpe, who had spent the entire season at that charming resort. "They have paced the sands for an hour, quite engrossed with each other. Such devotion smacks of love—yet he seems too grand and grave to be a sentimental lover."

"Yet that about expresses the situation," explained the gallant colonel, as he turned in his chair to get a view of the promenaders. "They are Mr. Christopher Gregory and his beautiful wife. He was once a Romish priest, and she a nun."

"But how did this all come about?" questioned his fair companion, a new interest lighting her eyes.

"'Twas like a romance, they say," answered the colonel. "The cathedral was on fire, and somehow she saved his life; no one knows just how. But isn't she as pretty as a flower? They say he calls her 'Daffodil.'"

"Of course, then, he is no longer a priest," said Mrs. Tremaine.

"Of course not," asserted the colonel, with a deal of satisfaction in his voice. "Special dispensation of the Pope and all that, you know. He is preaching, however, to a larger congregation, through his pen, than he ever charmed with his voice."

"I wonder why he calls her 'Daffodil!'" mused Mrs. Tremaine.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

YOU said to me, "Why don't you do it?" I only could answer, "Because." You laughed at the feminine reason, And prated of logical laws; I laugh at your trumpery science—What good are you going to do With a logical chain that is faultless, And nothing to fasten it to? You have to take something for granted, Just like any woman or dunce; Your argument needs a foundation, So build it up firmly at once.

A fable says earth is supported By a turtle that rests on a cow; The cow is sustained by a something, But never a fable says how; And that is the way with your reasons—Thus far and no further you go; There's something you never can fathom, Some basis you never can know. If you and your logic were missing, The world would not totter or pause; Accept, then, what is (if you like it), And give as your reason: "Because."

MIRIAM K. DAVIS.

The Right of Translation is Reserved.

BLACK BLOOD:

A PECULIAR CASE.

BY
GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES," "THIS MAN'S WIFE," "THE PARSON OF DUMFORD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—WHAT CAME OF COURTING IN THE EVE.

"MADGE! Madge!" The call was in a loud whisper, and proceeded from the fellow-servant of the party called, to wit: the parlor-maid, who had no sooner ushered the orderly into the dining-room than she darted to the side door, ran down the garden, and called to her ladyship's maid, who had turned herself into a horse to trot before the little boy holding on to her skirts.

"Well, what is it?" "Private Thompson has come over from the barracks!" cried the girl, in high glee, as she mockingly laughed at her fellow-servant's confusion, and wondered whether anything would come of the affair.

Madge wondered, also, her face flushing deeply as she suddenly began to caress the little child, kissing his chubby face and stroking his curly hair as she called him by a variety of endearing terms. So fond did she seem of the little fellow that she went down on her knees beside him; when there was a step on the gravel path, the clinking of spurs, and Jack Thompson charged down—at a walk.

"How are you?" he said, smiling very much indeed, partly from amiability, partly from port, and so that the strap of his forage-cap, which was beneath his mustache, went into his mouth like a bride.

"I'm quite well, I thank you, Mr. Thompson," said Madge, very distantly; and there was a button to fasten and a couple of strings to tie upon the child's dress.

"Oh, I say, what a girl you are!" said Jack Thompson. "How you do keep a fellow at arm's length, and after we've known each other such a long time! Come, say one kind word before I go, Madge."

"I shan't."

"I say, Madge, dear, ain't you a little too hard on a fellow who's always thinking about you?"

"No, not a bit."

"Do you mean that?" said the smart young fellow, with a very real sigh.

"Yes, I do," responded Madge, blushing the while more warmly, as she felt that she was not telling the truth.

"Well," said the young fellow, sadly, and speaking in a low, earnest voice, "I beg your pardon, Miss Madge, for daring to hope, and I'll go away and try to forget all about this here, but I don't think I can. Good-by; the captain must be ready by now."

"Good-by, Mr. Thompson," said Madge, as the young lancer was in the act of facing round; and there was something in the tone in which the words were uttered which made him look back, to see that the girl was holding out her hand.

"Oh, Madge!" he cried, as he caught it.

"There—good-night, Jack," she whispered, in a voice that made the young fellow's heart leap; and he was about to say something very loving, or very foolish, or both, when the quick, silent footsteps

that had been coming over the shaven lawn was upon them, and Lady Cope's voice cried:

"Madge!"

"Yes, my lady—I beg pardon, my lady."

Lover and lass had started apart, the former to stand at attention and salute his officer's lady, who exclaimed, excitedly:

"Master Phil—my boy!"

Madge's eyes opened widely, showing a ring of white round the iris, as she turned and stared wildly in all directions in search of her charge, entirely forgotten during the exciting love passages which had taken place.

"Madge, do you hear me?" cried Lady Cope, as Jack Thompson stood at attention, motionless, save that his eyes kept darting glances from one to the other.

"Yes—yes, my lady—yes," panted Madge, excitedly, as she still gazed wildly round. "Where is he? Oh!"

Lady Cope had turned white as stone, and now ran down towards where the river washed the foot of the lawn; while a piercing shriek from Madge, as she realized her mistress's suspicion, galvanized the lancer into action.

Routine held him for a moment in her chains, and he faced round in regulation fashion. Then Routine was upset, and he ran down to the river-side, leaped in, and began excitedly wading here and there, as Sir Philip, followed by his guests and Anthony Cope, came tearing across the lawn.

"Milly! For Heaven's sake, speak!" cried Sir Philip.

"My child! The river!" shrieked Lady Cope, and she would have followed the lancer, who was now wading breast-high and vainly searching the surface in the fading light.

"Are you—are you sure he has fallen in?" cried Sir Philip, frantically, as he turned to Madge.

Her answer consisted of a series of hysterical screams as she ran to and fro, tearing wildly at her throat.

"Master Phil! Baby—oh, baby—baby!" she wailed, at last. "What have I done?—what have I done?"

"Quick, Anthony—the boat!" cried Sir Philip; but his cousin was already loosening the chain that held a pleasure-boat to the side, and as he leaped in, Sir Philip followed and pushed off into the rapid stream.

"See anything, Thompson?"

"No, captain, no," cried the man, in a husky voice, as he waded out of his depth and began to swim.

As the boat glided on to the darkening surface of the water, Lady Cope suddenly turned and ran up to the house, in the faint hope that the little fellow had gone back; but she was forced to return in despair and join the party on the river's brink. The servants had taken the alarm and come down, and with the others had scoured the garden, tramping over flower-beds, peering behind bushes and searching in the most unlikely places, but without avail; and now all eyes, in the fading light, were turned to the river, on whose brink Lady Cope stood, ashy pale and clasped of hand, following the movements of the dimly seen boat, as Anthony rowed here and there, letting the skiff go with the stream pretty close to the shore, and Sir Philip stood upright in the bows, trying to see into the depths where the water-plants thrived and grew.

"Get lights—lanterns—anything!" cried a piercing voice that no one recognized as Lady Cope's.

Several ran back to the house, and before long the lawn and the gravel path were dotted with moving lights, whose bearers slowly went down the stream, peering into every tuft of sedge and rush, in the faint hope of finding the little wanderer there.

As they reached the extreme end, far below the garden, where a patch of willows grew out in the stream, there was a faint hail, and a young cornet held the lantern he carried above his head.

"Hallo!" he shouted. "Who's that?"

"Private Thompson, sir. I'm here, hanging on to one of the boughs."

"Well, come in, man!" cried the cornet. "Have you found the child?"

"No, sir; and I've swum and dived till I'm dead beat. Clothes heavy. Daren't let go."

"Who's there?" cried a voice from the river.

"Found him?"

"No," was the reply; "but quick, captain—row here!"

There was a sharp order, the oars rattled in the rowlocks, and Anthony Cope forced the boat against stream in the direction of the lights, which enabled Sir Philip to see where the soldier was hanging to the willow bough.

As the boat approached the man uttered a low cry for help, and quitted his hold, to sink under water directly; and but for the dash his captain made at him, grasping the hand extended pleadingly above the surface, Jack Thompson's history had never been written.

As it was, the captain held his head above water, the boat was run on shore, and the lancer helped out on the grass, half dead.

"No good, Cope?" whispered a brother-officer, hoarsely.

"No; none," groaned Sir Philip. "We must get down to the lower mill and make them run the water off. We may find him there."

These words were muttered in the low, matter-of-fact tone of an officer announcing some movements to be made.

Then the officer was mastered by the man, as he stepped out of the boat and staggered back in the direction of his home, and those who were nearest heard him groan:

"God help her!—God help her! My poor wife!—What shall I say?"

CHAPTER XI.—THE LOST IDOL.

THE alarm spread fast. The men turned out at the barracks as soon as Jack Thompson had staggered back. Lanterns were lit; men went

down to the mill, where the water was run off through gratings, and the river lowered; while other men, armed with hooks and grapnels, searched the riverside and probed the water well.

It must have been about noon when Sir Philip and his cousin came up to where Lady Cope was still staring wildly at the river, her hands clasped, her lips bloodless and parched, and her eyes ready to ask the one great question in mute supplication—Is he found?

Sir Philip was gaunt and haggard, as was his Cousin Anthony, and too much exhausted by his efforts to speak. Both were drenched with water and besmeared with the river-mud, for they had worked hard with the men, using drags and nets, wading in the shallows, watching at the mill-head where the water was drawn off, and all without avail.

As they came to her in the boat and stepped out wearily, Lady Cope read the truth in their eyes, and sank down upon the grass as if unable to bear up longer beneath the load which had for hours been crushing her down.

"Help me, Anthony, old fellow," said Sir Philip, huskily; but his cousin remained for a moment silent, and then sank upon his knees, covered his face with his hands and groaned.

"Come, come, be a man," said Sir Philip. "We must get her up to the house and send for a doctor."

"I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" groaned Anthony. "It is too pitiful. Poor girl! poor girl!"

Sir Philip was silent, for, strong man as he was, a sob shook his breast.

"We must give it up," said Sir Philip, about a week after the sad event.

"Give it up?" cried Anthony, angrily; "never!"

They were seated together that evening, Anthony having come in about an hour before from a long search down the river in some holes three miles from the town.

"I could say the same," said Sir Philip, mournfully, "but it is of no use to keep on this constant search. The miller was right. My poor darling—"

He stopped short, his voice broken, his features contracted with agony; and, as he bent forward and covered his face with his hands, Anthony Cope rose from his seat, went softly to his side, and stood there in silence with his hand upon the suffering man's shoulder.

"God bless you, old fellow!" said Sir Philip, at last. "His will be done!" He took his cousin's hand to give it a manly grip. "That miller was quite right; the poor little fellow must have been swept over the sluice before the alarm was given, and carried right out to sea. There, I'm going to be a man and to fight no more against fate."

"But you will continue the search, Phil?"

"No," said Sir Philip, sternly; "enough has been done. A man's duty is to the living, not to the dead."

"But your poor wife?"

"Hush, man, hush!"

"She will be heartbroken if the little fellow is not found—if she does not know where he is laid. Phil, my dear boy, the child's remains must be found, for her sake."

"Silence! I will hear no more," said Sir Philip, sternly. "I have done my duty. As for my wife, she will resign herself, as I do, to the Almighty's hand. We cannot bring the child back to life."

"I cannot sit down like this!" cried Anthony, passionately. "I cannot give up hope, even yet."

Sir Philip rose and grasped his cousin's hand, his pale, worn countenance quite cheerful now.

"You are a good fellow, Anthony," he said—"and I'll never forget this."

"But Phil—for her sake."

"Hush! I will hear no more."

"And you will give up the search?"

"Yes, now. I shall apply for leave of absence, and take Milly on the Continent for a month or two. I shall never forget what you have done for me over this terrible affair—never."

He left the room to go and sit by his wife's couch, where she lay, weak and helpless, slowly struggling back to life, for the shock had brought on an illness which needed all the doctor's skill to keep her here, and the consequences were such that the suffering woman was doomed never to hold another offspring in her bosom to take the place of him of whom she was bereft.

The next day Anthony bade his cousin affectionately farewell.

"I must get back to my wife," he said. "She writes me word that she is very delicate, and a good deal troubled about our boy. I think that I shall take her abroad for a bit, perhaps to Portugal. She wants a warmer climate, and I must take her or I shall lose her, I'm afraid."

"Anthony, old fellow, I've been so wrapped up in my own troubles that I have not thought of yours."

"There is one thing I should have liked to speak to you about," said Anthony, hesitatingly.

"What is it?"

"About that wretched woman—that scoundrel of a soldier."

Sir Philip's brow knit, and his face assumed a very stern expression.

"You are going to send the woman away—to punish the man?"

Sir Philip was silent for a few minutes.

"No," he said, at last. "The girl is heart-broken; the man has been to see me."

"But, my dear Phil—"

"No more, Anthony. Am I, suffering as I am from this blow, to set myself up for a judge, and punish two young people of blameless character?"

"Blameless?"

"Yes, blameless. Their fault was one that any two young people similarly situated would have committed. I felt as you do a week ago. I cursed the woman; and I struck the fellow down."

"Yes—and—"

"He crawled to my feet like a spaniel, and—there, poor lad, I'm sorry I struck him. Good-by, old fellow, good-by."

He turned away after a final grasp of his cousin's hand, his face twitching with emotion; and Anthony Cope sank back in his seat in a first-class carriage, with a peculiarly grim smile upon his countenance, as he said, softly:

"The poison works."

CHAPTER XII.—HOW THE VOID IN LADY COPE'S BREAST WAS FILLED.

FIVE years had passed, and, beyond an occasional letter, there had been no communication between the cousins. Sir Philip, soon after the loss of their child, had hailed the announcement of the regiment being ordered abroad with joy, for he hoped that the change would work some good for Lady Cope, who had sunk into a state of despondency from which nothing appeared to rouse her.

She was sweet-tempered, and apparently resigned, but Sir Philip saw that she was gradually sinking away from him. Grown morbid with suffering, she had allowed herself to be influenced by the idea that she was losing her husband's love in consequence of her childless state.

Hence it was that the husband looked forward to the change, and a few years in Canada were really beneficial; but they returned to England with sorrow deeply stamped upon his wife's brow, and Sir Philip often reproached himself for not sharing it, and for letting his busy life bring forgetfulness of that terrible episode in their career.

Like cures like—so the homeopaths say; and certainly it was true in Lady Cope's case. Five years had passed since her affliction, and one day she was still the same, sad, stricken woman, borne down by suffering; the next, her eyes lit up, and Sir Philip saw with delight that another's sorrow was working his wife's cure.

When the news first came, Lady Cope heard it listlessly, and sighed, for the idea had not yet dawned upon her; but after Sir Philip had finished the letter which he had received from India, telling of the death of a relation in an engagement with one of the Mahratta chiefs, and of the death of his wife from grief within a few weeks, leaving her helpless child, she started and rose from her seat, her eyes, that had long been tearless, brimming over as she flung her arms about her husband's neck, and gazed excitedly in his face.

For some minutes she could not speak, and when she did, her words were incoherent and broken. But her husband read her heart.

"You wish it, Milly?" he said. She could not speak, only cling to him passionately, and nod her head.

"For us, to take it—for you to be a mother to the little orphan?"

Lady Cope's face was convulsed with agony, her lips twitched, her eyes closed, and she suffered an agonizing paroxysm as she recalled the horrors attendant upon her own loss.

"Yes," she gasped, at last. "So be it," said Sir Philip, solemnly. "She shall be our child, poor babe, and shall never know her loss."

The treasure arrived in safety—a sweet-faced, tiny, prattling child of a year and a half old, which looked in dread at the strangers who were waiting to fill the places of the dead.

Lady Cope felt a pang of jealous misery as the child turned from her, and took refuge, sobbing, with the dark-skinned ayah who had her in charge; but it so happened that Sir Philip had just come in from parade, and, as he approached the child, and touched and spoke to her, the sight of the showy uniform evoked memories of the past in the little brain.

The child looked up timidly in the stalwart soldier's bluff, manly countenance, then at the gold lace and bright scarlet facings, and again in the smiling face.

Then there was a faint reflection of the smile in the sweet little countenance, and in response to a request, one tiny hand was extended; a further concession made in the shape of the little pouting lips being held up for a kiss; and five minutes later, the child was seated upon Sir Philip's knee, inspecting with curious eyes the bright gold sword-knot she held.

Lady Cope stood back trembling with eagerness, her hands clasped tightly, and her wistful eyes seeming to devour the baby, which still shrank a little shyly when she approached. But the ice was broken, and an hour had not elapsed before the jealousy was upon the other side, the dark face of the ayah looking more gloomy, for the child refused to leave the trembling arms of Lady Cope, and Sir Philip uttered a sigh of relief as he read the satisfied yearning in his wife's eyes, and felt that henceforth she might enjoy brighter days.

That night, Lady Cope stood on one side of the sleeping child's cot, Madge, her maid, upon the other.

"Only think, Madge—the poor, little sweet—mother, father, dead out there in India—and she quite alone in the world."

"No, my lady," said Madge, meaningly; "not alone."

"No, Madge, not alone, for I will be a mother to the little thing, and will love it—will? Oh, I do love it with all my heart."

She sank upon her knees weeping silently—not tears of pain, but of relief, for a feeling of joy was in her heart such as she had not felt for years.

"You will help me, Madge?" cried the weeping woman, suddenly.

"Help you, my lady?" said Madge, softly. "You know I will," and it seemed to be a different woman speaking, in place of the bright, vivacious girl of the past.

Almost simultaneously there was a scene enacted in the quarters of the non-commissioned officers

of the regiment, where Mrs. Tarn, widow of Sergeant Tarn, a very worthy officer, who had died a few days previously of rum fever, was in trouble and grief. She was lying in bed with a posthumous pledge of her lord's affection by her side. The baby was all that could be desired—a fine, swarthy, sturdy bud that would develop well; but it was a source of great grief to its mother, who was weeping sore, and pouring out her troubles to her female friend, the young wife of Private Gomme.

"If it hadn't been for this," sighed Mrs. Sergeant Tarn, "I might, perhaps, have been able to stay on with the regiment, and done the officers' washing and got a bit of living somehow."

"Ask Lady Cope to be your friend, and she'll speak to the captain."

"Think she would?"

Mrs. Gomme nodded and drew the clothes a little more over the sleeping babe.

"I don't think it would be any good. You see baby's a girl."

"Then say it's a boy."

"What?"

"Say it's a boy."

"Why, what nonsense!"

"No, it isn't. Nobody knows but you and me. Every one knows you've a baby, but that's all."

"Stuff! What's the good of saying it's a boy? Besides, it would be a lie."

"Only a white one, dear; and as to the good—why, if it only kept you in the regiment for another year or two, it would be something."

"But would it keep me in the regiment?"

"I dunno. It might. If it's a girl, it wouldn't; but if they think it's a boy—you see it's Sergeant Tarn's boy as they'd think would some day grow into a soldier; and the officers might help you with their washing, but, of course, you wouldn't be kept on the strength of the regiment; it would be outside."

"I don't care where it is, so long as I'm not driven away to begin the world again."

"Then do what I tell you."

The widow of Sergeant Tarn was weak in body; weak in mind. She saw in imagination the workhouse for herself and child. On the other hand, what was to her a heaven of prosperity and rest, in the shape of a room outside the barracks, with a washbasin, plenty of soap, soda, starch, and a few flat-irons; but she kept on shaking her head in response to the temptress, till there was a tap at the door, and a sweet voice said:

"May I come in?"

"Yes, and bless you, my lady," said Private Gomme's wife. "She's getting on very nicely, my lady."

"I am very glad," said Lady Cope, sympathetically, as she bent over the pallid widow, and then gently drew aside the coverlet and kissed the sleeping babe.

It was a simple, motherly act—the act of one in whose heart there had for so long been an aching void; and it won the two rough women to her more than ever.

"What a fine, sturdy little thing!" she said. "A boy, is it not?"

"Yes, my lady," said Private Gomme's wife, quickly, as she gave her companion a hasty glance.

"I am glad," said Lady Cope; "the colonel takes so much pride in the boys of the regiment. He laughed and told Sir Philip one day that they were its strength."

Mrs. Gomme nudged the widow, who lay trembling, and with a fine dew upon her brow.

"I have brought you some wine and jelly, Mrs. Tarn," continued the Lady Bountiful of the regiment. "You must make haste and grow strong. There, I will not stay. I want to tell you, though, that I have been speaking to Sir Philip about your case, and you may rest quite happy. You will not have to leave us, even if you go out of the barracks. I shall be able to find you needlework and other things to do."

"Heaven bless your ladyship, and thank you."

"No thanks," said Lady Cope, sweetly. "Good-by. Poor little fellow! he must not suffer for his loss."

Lady Cope left the plainly furnished room, and as soon as they were alone, the sick woman turned angrily upon her friend and nurse.

"How could you tell her such a wicked lie?"

"To ease you, my dear; and you see it's done it."

Mrs. Sergeant Tarn burst into a fit of sobbing and protest, declaring that she would undo the mischief and tell the whole truth as sure as she was a sinful soul.

"There'll be trouble and mischief come of it, you mark my words," she said.

Prophets are not always right. Mrs. Sergeant Tarn was, for the truth was so hard to tell that years elapsed before it was told; and as to the mischief and trouble, they came in all good time, and in a way that made her shiver for her little sin.

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

CORNELIA SORABJI.

MISS CORNELIA SORABJI, a Parsee Christian lady, is the daughter of the Rev. Sorabji Kharsedji, Honorary Missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Poona, and Mrs. Sorabji, who visited England in 1886 to plead the cause of female education in India. Miss Cornelia Sorabji was the first and only lady to enter the Deccan College at Poona in 1884, and as may easily be imagined, she had much to contend with. Among her own sex, her example has already borne fruit, two Parsee ladies and one Jewess having sought for admission to the Colleges in Bombay and Poona. In Miss Sorabji's case no concessions were made. She studied Latin in common with the men (though French has since been allowed for lady students). She was "top of her year" in the previous examination, has held a scholarship each year of her course, was "Hughlings Scholar" in 1885, having passed head of the University in English, "Havelock Prize-man" the end of the same year, being top of the

Deccan College in English, has taken honors each time, and in the final B. A. examination of the Bombay University held in November, 1887, she was one of the four in the entire Presidency, and the only student from her own College, who succeeded in gaining First Class honors. To all who have watched her course with interest, not unmixed with curiosity, it is no small gratification to find that she has, even at this early period of her life—for she is only just out of her teens—done her part in elevating the position of her own countrywomen.

THE ICE AQUARIUM OF ST. PETERSBURG.

The famous Glacial Palace of the Empress Catherine has found its counterpart at the Aquarium of St. Petersburg, of which our pictures give some entertaining views. It contains three spacious rooms, and is made of hewn blocks of ice; the bed and bedroom furniture are all of the same material. In the drawing-room the ice fireplace is filled with logs of ice, while the smoke from a paraffine stove escapes by a large ice shaft. Outside, an ice railing surrounds the building, and statues in ice adorn the front. As the Winter is severe, it is expected that the house will not melt for a month yet. It cost about \$2,500.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.

Crown Prince William of Germany, who must ere long ascend the throne as William II., already tastes the pleasure of popular adulation, whenever he publicly appears among his future subjects; and the name of the coming Emperor is heard in all the councils of Europe. "Not since the first Napoleon," writes a correspondent from Berlin, "has a young man wielded such tremendous power as will fall to the lot of this headstrong, violent and revengeful Prince." He has just entered upon the thirtieth year of his age. He was married to the Princess Augusta Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, in 1881, and has four children, the eldest of whom is the little Prince William, shown with his father in the picture, and who will be six years old next May.

A SAMOYEDE ENCAMPMENT.

In one of the spacious halls of the Ethnographic Museum of the Trocadéro, at Paris, M. Charles Varat has arranged, in an exceedingly realistic and interesting tableau, the large collection of Samoyede utensils, fabrics, costumes, arms, pictures, etc., secured by him during a recent scientific mission in Northern Russia. By the aid of a panoramic background, a perfect reproduction of a Samoyede encampment is given. Within the open tent, swinging a baby in a cradle of reindeer-skin, sits a Samoyede woman, whose husband has just returned from a fishing expedition, bringing the carcass of a seal upon his sledge. A quarter of reindeer hangs outside the tent. The faces of the man and woman are of the Slav-Mongolian type, and, with the costumes, etc., afford a most interesting study.

WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET.

The little village to the west of Warsaw, on a tributary of the Vistula, where the frontier lines of the three great Empires, Russia, Germany and Austria, come together, is a quaint and very lively place, particularly on market-days. Poles, Russians, German and Austrian Jews, Bohemians, Cossacks, soldiers and frontier customs-officers of the various nationalities jostle one another, and trade, drink and dispute together in half of the languages and dialects of Europe. This Three-Empire Corners village, of which we give a general and interior view, would probably become an important strategical centre, in the event of a triangular war among the three Powers.

NEW YORK SWORDSWOMEN.

FENCING may be regarded as the complement of dancing in a course of æsthetic physical training intended to develop the carriage and general grace of the body, as well as its muscular vigor. Actresses have long recognized this fact, and profited by it, and in all schools of acting the young ladies have their fencing classes. It is only within the last year or two, however, that the exercise has reached the status of a regular feminine accomplishment. The Fencers' Club, started five years ago by a number of gentlemen well known in the artistic, literary and social circles of New York, now gives certain hours weekly for a class of ladies exclusively, and the opportunity thus afforded is much appreciated. Captain Nicholas is the instructor; and his fair pupils are able to give, at the pretty quarters of the club in West Twenty-fourth Street, exhibitions which are charming in their animated grace and skill. One of these the artist has had the temerity to attempt to reproduce, in the drawing which appears on page 105.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE Panama Canal Company has discovered that the public has lost confidence in its project. The emission of 350,000 new bonds has not been so successful as M. de Lesseps anticipated. In fact, this last effort to raise funds has turned out to be a miserable failure. Only 105,000 bonds have been subscribed, and more than half of this at a good deal less than the price of emission.

ARCHITECT L. S. BUFFINGTON, of Minneapolis, has secured a large number of patents, both in this country and Europe, on an invention which he thinks will revolutionize the world of building. By it, buildings can be constructed of any desired height. The building will be entirely of iron, starting from a foundation like the base of a bridge-pier. A Minneapolis syndicate of capitalists proposes to erect a building 80 feet square by 300 feet, or twenty-eight stories, high.

THE United States Supreme Court declares invalid the provision of the Iowa prohibitory law forbidding a railroad company from bringing liquor into the State except under certain restrictions. The State may legislate as it pleases in regard to liquor once landed in the State, but it may not trespass on the exclusive right of Congress to regulate interstate commerce. If, however, the State can effectually prevent the sale of intoxicants in its limits it has not much to fear from their importation.

HENRY IRVING'S theatrical company, consisting of nearly one hundred members, sailed for England on the Inman steamer *City of Richmond*, last Saturday night, immediately after their final performance at the Star Theatre. On the Monday evening preceding, Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and the entire company, entertained the West Point cadets with a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," in the mess-room in Grant Hall. It was a most joyous occasion; and, in the words of the genial English actor, "West Point was for the first time taken by the British."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. JAY GOULD reached St. Augustine, Fla., last week, having crossed the ocean in his yacht.

MR. CYRUS W. FIELD has sold the *Mail and Express* of this city to Mr. Elliott F. Shepard.

THE resignation of Mr. Bell, the United States Minister to Holland, has been accepted by the State Department.

THE King of Portugal, who was supposed to be suffering from malignant cancer, is declared to be out of danger by the royal physicians.

REV. DR. MCGLYNN desires "to concentrate all the dissatisfied elements of the country into one great party," to be called the Common-wealth party.

THE Depew Presidential "boom" seems to be growing, and promises to possess formidable dimensions by the date of the Republican National Convention.

JAMES W. TATE, the State Treasurer of Kentucky, is a defaulter for \$150,000, and has disappeared. He has been Treasurer for twenty-one years, and has always stood high in popular esteem.

THE will of Henry Bergh bequeaths a lot of land and a building on Warren Street, New York, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the remainder of his estate, which is valued in all at \$500,000, to his nephews and nieces.

HON. WILLIAM FREDERICK JOHN NORTH, the heir of Baron North, has started in the butcher business in a village near Banbury, England, adjoining the family seat of the Norths. He is twenty-eight years old. The family titles date back to 1522.

MR. HUGH McCULLOCH, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and Mrs. McCulloch, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on the 21st inst. The ex-Secretary is eighty years of age, but his health is almost robust, his eyes are bright, and in spirits he is as cheerful as a boy.

It is an interesting fact in connection with the work of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that the seals of the Society were designed and engraved by the late Frank Leslie, who was one of the earliest sympathizers with Mr. Henry Bergh in his humane undertaking.

MRS. AMELIA LEWIS, who died at Whitestone, L. I., on the 17th inst., was the widow of Dr. Freund, one of the best-known of London physicians in his time. Mrs. Lewis came to this country in 1880, and won a wide reputation as a writer on matters of social reform, as well as on musical art.

RICHARD REILLY, a highly esteemed young reporter for the New York *Star*, died on the 16th inst., from exposure during a journey to Coney Island, in search of news of the great storm. His memory was appropriately honored by the Press Club, at a special meeting on Monday of last week.

EMILE BERNARD, cook to the late Emperor William since 1853, always consulted with his imperial master in regard to the dishes of the day. The old monarch often asked the cook to explain the composition of certain dishes, and occasionally suggested an additional flavoring, which indicated to the French chef that His Majesty "could feel his mouthfuls as well as swallow them."

THE marriage of Prince Oscar of Sweden to Miss Ebba Munk took place quietly on the 15th inst., at the English watering-place of Bournemouth. This is an unusually interesting morganatic marriage, Prince Oscar resigning all royal ambitions to wed a private lady. This would perhaps be more extraordinary if his elder brother, the Crown Prince, had not two healthy sons already.

MRS. CLEVELAND has given up writing autograph letters. The demands have grown too heavy. When she first went to the White House she acknowledged every book, flower or compliment by a pretty autograph letter. Now she has to dictate her correspondence, and has all she can do to sign her name to letters of acknowledgment and the other answers to her large correspondence.

SUNDAY week last was President Cleveland's fifty-first birthday. He received a number of gifts from personal friends, nearly all of them simple souvenirs. A number of prominent authors who were in Washington in attendance upon the Convention of the Copyright League joined in a "round robin" of congratulations, which was sent to the White House, together with a great mass of choice flowers.

GORDON TAYLOR HUGHES, of Ohio, seventeen years of age, son of the American Consul at Birmingham, England, after four days of severe competitive examination in a class of fifty-two, has been awarded a Cambridge scholarship, valued at \$2,000, one of the greatest prizes in English school life. The competition was open to boys under nineteen of all nations. This is the first instance of an American winning an English scholarship.

"MONSIEUR JOSEPH" DUGNOL, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's new French cook, or, rather, "gastronomical director," from the Café Bignon, Paris, receives a salary of \$10,000 per annum, and his contract is for five years. He formerly served the late Emperor William at Berlin. His theories of gastronomy are apparently sound. It is the cook's business, he says, "to know how to appeal to the imagination. A man can only eat a small quantity at one meal, and it is a mistake to set before him a bill-of-fare which overloads the stomach and surfeits him. He gets fatigued and disgusted. A soup, an entrée and one other dish—that is my dinner, and a few airy trifles to complete it. I learned simplicity in the Emperor's kitchen."

THE argument of Mr. Patrick Farrelly, Manager of the American News Company, before the Senate Postal Committee, in relation to the House Bill proposing to subject a certain important class of periodicals, now rating as second-class matter, to higher rates of postage, together with his letter on the same subject to the Postmaster-general, makes up a case for the publishers which seems to be absolutely conclusive. Mr. Farrelly shows that recent rulings of the Department have been plainly in violation of the spirit of the existing law, and that the proposed legislation would operate injuriously to the public no less than to the publishers who furnish good literature at cheap prices. One cannot help thinking what a vast gain it would be to the country if only men of Mr. Farrelly's practical familiarity with the interests with which the Post-office Department had to do, instead of politicians picked up here and there, were intrusted with its administration.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE RECENT FIRE AT THE "ELBERON" APARTMENT BLOCK, ON MADISON AVENUE.
A LEAP INTO THE LIFE-SAVING NET.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 107.



NEW YORK CITY.—HEALTHFUL DIVERSION FOR WOMEN—THE LADIES' CLASS OF THE FENCERS' CLUB, IN WEST TWENTY-FOURTH STREET.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 103.

HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varraz," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(CONTINUED).

THE lieutenant saw that look, that attitude, that latent fierceness, and it saddened him. At any cost, so he said, to himself, if he would save the life of this man, he must lead his thoughts away from himself.

"Well," he exclaimed, with an assumed cheerfulness, "we arrived in season to do better than that for you. But we buried three poor fellows this morning, and—"

"Lieutenant," cried the doctor, "have you seen a lady anywhere yonder?"

"We found a Mrs. Gorton there; and we have her with us, safe and sound and well. She remained behind, with a few of our men, when we came in sight of you and the savages here; there were two reasons for that: in the first place, she could hardly have ridden as fast as we wished to; and secondly, I have rarely had as good a prospect for a square and open fight with the Indians as I had this morning."

"Thank—thank you, lieutenant," faltered the doctor, suddenly white and faint, and reeling now from very weakness; "I—I think I would like a bite of food and a drink of—of something. And I'll sit down, too, if you'll pardon me the apparent impoliteness; I really don't think I can stand any longer."

"He's Mrs. Gorton's husband," said one of the wounded men, explaining, as the doctor fell back upon the snow, almost as white as it, and almost unconscious.

The lieutenant was off his horse in a moment, supporting Gorton and introducing himself to him at one and the same time.

"Tell—tell me something of the rescue of Mrs. Gorton," said her husband.

"There isn't much to tell," responded the lieutenant; "it seems the attack was made in the night. The party who had your wife in their possession were camped in a grove. She managed to secrete herself among the trees, in some way, and escaped observation. The remainder were killed. We buried them this morning."

"Four?"

"Three."

"What sort of men?"

"One was the ugliest-looking man, naturally, that I ever saw. The other two had been disgraced, and—"

"Yes," broke in one of the men who had gone from Manniston with Dr. Gorton; "they are two men who hunted a grizzly, and the beast found them!"

"Poor fellows!" said the lieutenant; "the savages found them this time, and they are more merciless than any beast."

"But what of Leonard Stannard?" asked Dr. Gorton.

"Leonard Stannard?"

"Yes; he led the party who abducted my wife."

"Then the savages undoubtedly have him."

"Merciful God!" cried Gorton; "we must attempt his rescue."

"It would do no good—now," said Preston; "it is too late! Poor fellow! I remember hearing once that he said he would go through hell in his pursuit of Minnie Gorton!"

"Well?"

"And I'm not going beyond the things of this world when I say—he has done so!"

An awed silence fell upon the whole party. They forgot Stannard's sin as they stood in the fearful shadow of his punishment.

The remainder of the party came in sight. The doctor could see Mrs. Gorton, riding gallantly and bravely among them.

"You must return with us to the city, Lieutenant Preston," said Dr. Gorton; "I shall see that your fame is made much of."

The lieutenant shook his head.

"I cannot come," he said; "I will send enough of my men to make a safe escort for you, but I must go back to the fort."

"Your duties call you back?"

"We—e—e—ll! Not—exactly! There's a little woman up at the fort whose words are law to me, and her commands have for ever made it impossible for me to be away from her when I can help it! I married her last week!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.—FROM MIDNIGHT TO MORNING.

MR. PAUL WALLDON went from the church to his hotel. He inquired there for the best lawyer in the city. Much of his marvelous history was already known and talked about in such public places as the hotels, and the proprietor, though a newcomer, and a man who had never known our hero as Carl Manniston, was able not only to direct him to the office of the man whose reputation as a lawyer was the best of any, but to add the information that Mr. Barnard had been the lawyer employed by this anxious gentleman in the years of his prosperity—before cruel hate sent him away through the night—the night which was intended to have been endless for him—on the Night Express.

So to Mr. Barnard's office he went.

Mr. Barnard had left his office; it was dark and silent and empty. Discouraged and disheartened, for he feared he would be compelled to remain inactive until morning, Paul made his way to Mr. Barnard's residence. He had a faint hope that he might be able to see the lawyer that night.

To his surprise, Mr. Barnard was not only ready to see him, but anxious to do so.

"I knew you needed me," said the pleasant-faced old gentleman, "and I thought you would come. I have waited up for you, and should have

sent a messenger to your hotel with a request for you to come and see me, if you had not come at about the time you did, and of your own accord.

To save time, I'll explain that I have heard something of your strange story; I know that you were another man, when you lived among us here, from what you are now; I know that you have no memory of the days of that past. I have consulted a physician who knew you in the old times, who was acquainted with your character and habits; he is a man who has made a study of peculiar cases resulting from injuries to the brain. He tells me that you will never recover the memory of the years which are missing from your recallable record of the past. But he assures me that you are a perfectly sane man—that nothing in your case would justify any one in speaking of insanity in connection with you. I also spoke with Dr. Waynesworth, as I left the church this evening, because I understood that he was one of those who had you in charge during the illness which followed the event which gave you back the memory of your boyhood's years—and your own proper identity. He confirms the assertion of the other medical man I have mentioned. You are, therefore, in a condition to make a genuine legal fight for all your interests—social and moral, as well as others."

"And you will help me?"

"Help you! indeed I will. I was your legal adviser for years when you bore the name of Carl Manniston. I was your true and intimate friend, then. I will be your friend and your lawyer now."

"Thank you. That makes everything easy which before seemed hard. Now, to attack the greatest difficulty first, am I the husband of the woman who interrupted my marriage to-night?"

"No."

"How do you know?"

"As a lawyer, and from a legal standpoint, I don't know that I ought to say that I know at all. I have no definite legal proof to offer until I hear her whole story in detail. And she may have very clear and convincing circumstantial evidence. As a man, I know you never married her, because I know you! You wooed and won Ethel Atherton in the days when your memory extended clear and unblemished down to your boyhood's days. Had you been this woman's husband, you could never have done that. Another man, a man evil-minded and reckless, might have done so; but you—never!"

He reached over, impulsively, took Paul's hand, and clasped it warmly.

"Thank you," said Paul, the tears in his eyes; "your words do me much good. But you spoke of circumstantial evidence. What did you mean by that?"

"Con—found—cir—cum—stan—tial—ev—i—dence!" said the lawyer, with less emphasis; "it is the hardest thing in the world to deal with—the most cruel and insidious foe against which we are ever called upon to fight. It has hanged more than one innocent man; it wouldn't be any stranger, and perhaps hardly less unpleasant, if, in your case, for the sake of variety, it should marry one!"

"You mean that—"

"I mean this. Suppose you were this lady's friend—suppose, even, that you were simply an acquaintance. You have spoken with her several times, possibly not more than half a dozen. You may have called upon her, perhaps not more than once, and then on business—and it may be on business in which you have personally no interest—business in which you are doing her a gratuitous but valuable service. No matter! All that can be made to count against you. She has information of some time when you cannot account for yourself—some drive alone along a lonely road and through an uninhabited district, for instance, or, to go to the other extreme, a stay for a day or two in a great city where you happen to have no friends to visit—friends who could therefore be witnesses as to your whereabouts and your actions. Do you see the point? She comes and swears that you married her; you swear that you did not. You are, I know, an honorable man, but, unfortunately, have no witnesses; you have no memory, and are consequently uncertain whether she is right or wrong, and you do not know where to seek for witnesses, even supposing she hasn't been cunning enough to select such an occasion as I have mentioned. She says she met you by appointment; she produces plenty of witnesses, for witnesses are cheap, and—confound circumstantial evidence."

"What shall we do, then?"

"Act, and at once."

"Act? What can we do? Is there anything left us but the defensive?"

The lawyer laughed.

"I enjoy defending a case," he said, "when I have to. But now—I advise making an attack upon this woman, and at once. I propose, with your consent, to have her arrested early in the morning."

"On what charge?"

"An attempt to extort blackmail."

"You think money is what she desires, then?"

"No; I think she desires matrimony."

Paul groaned aloud.

"What is the line of your defense? What is your hope?"

"It sounds a little strange, in view of a crime like marriage," laughed the lawyer; "you must really excuse my joke, since I am a bachelor—but I hope to be able to prove an alibi!"

"I don't think I understand you."

"I presume you don't. You will before I am done. I mean that I hope she may be at fault regarding dates and places. I hope she never knew you—"

"Never knew me?"

"That's what I said. And I hope the person who got her to engage in this matter hasn't had the good sense to thoroughly inform her. I—"

"What do you mean? A young woman wouldn't

be likely to be so foolish as you seem to expect, if she meant to marry me."

The lawyer leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"She doesn't want to marry you," he said, cheerfully; "she wants—"

There came a ring at the doorbell. A servant answered it. The two men heard the conversation which took place at the door. A woman's pitiful tones asked for Mr. Paul Walldon, for God's sake; she said she must and would see him.

"It cannot harm us," said the lawyer; "and it may be an advantage to us. Have her come in."

Zaphiah entered the room. She stood, for a moment or two, in the brightly lighted room, as though dazed and irresolute. Then she ran forward to where Paul Walldon sat, threw herself upon her knees, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Can—you ever forgive me the wicked lie I told?" she sobbed; "I—I could curse myself for ever having been duped into doing it. He said (I won't take his name on my lips, since I saw him go away with his arm around the lady you love—

and the one he loves, too), but he said he wanted to break up the marriage between you and your sweetheart because—because of some money matters, some way. He said if I would put you two asunder, he would marry me. Marry me! And so I lied for him. And you saw the sort of reward he had ready for me—going out in triumph, curse him! with the plunder he had taken from you, and never giving me a glance. I am going away in the morning, I am going very far. I am going where you will never see me again—where you will never hear of me, not to know that I am the one of whom you hear. If you marry that lady, Miss Ethel Atherton, I shall never come back. I—I will never marry him, now; never! But, no matter what he has done to you, please spare him if you can; for I loved him—once. But, if you fail to marry the lady you love, let him beware. If he marries her—I will kill him!"

She sprang to her feet. She ran out of the room. She got out of the house. There had been no chance to say a word to this miserable and mysterious creature, not even in the way of thanks. Not one of the persons whose acquaintance you have made in this history ever knowingly saw her again; it is not likely they ever will. She has been heard from, sometimes, an erratic and seemingly aimless wanderer, with her mystic powers—if she ever had any—utterly blotted out and gone. One and another of those whose lives have been other than they would have been if it had not been for her have sometimes tried to see her, but they have never succeeded. A gypsy campfire, with a glow of warmth under the ashes—much as I think of her memory of Baal Manniston glowing under the ashes of her silence and her sorrow—has sometimes rewarded them. Sometimes, too, a tall, gaunt form, with untimely gray hair crowning a fair young head with its mockery, has seemed to vanish before some searcher in the late gloaming; but not one of them all has been quite ready to say that some fantastic turn to a tree or shrub, some shadow, or something more unreal and uncanny than a shadow, may not have played their imaginations false. So Zaphiah has become scarcely more than a legend—a myth—to those who would gladly serve her. If you ever meet her, you will know her; you will see the glow of a burned-out passion still shining in her eyes; you will see the shadow of a desolated beauty lying on her face; you will catch a memory of an old-time grace in every uncouth posture and gesture.

Paul Walldon turned to the lawyer, when Zaphiah had gone.

"Who was that man who took Ethel away to-night?" he asked.

"Let me answer by telling a story," said the lawyer. "Once upon a time a man journeyed extensively. He was upon the road almost all the time. He came home from one of his trips, bringing a boy of some fifteen years of age with him. He said he found the young man, in a dazed and nervous condition, begging his way from place to place along the railroad. He had two sons of his own, both older than this boy, but he insisted upon adopting the waif he had taken home with him. No one objected; the man's wife was dead; his own sons were not in the habit of disputing any conclusion of the old gentleman's, and perhaps they had the opinion—a quite general one, by-the-way—that this nameless lad was really the natural son of the man who claimed to have found him. As time went on, it was noticed that the boy never spoke of events antedating by more than a few months the time of his being brought to the old gentleman's home and adopted by him; if memory had been utterly missing, he could not have been more silent regarding his past than he was; he seemed like a youth who had never known childhood. But all this only confirmed the opinion of which I have spoken; silence was supposed to be a mute confession of a past that was unpleasant and full of shame. Years passed. The old gentleman died. The young man had been educated. They had had a share in the privations and the honors of war. They found themselves compelled to face the world for themselves. Then, this alien one showed the sort of stuff of which he was made; he came West; he toiled hard; he speculated wisely; he saw a prophecy of a great future where others saw only a rocky wilderness—a sterile desert. He made money; he made it by the millions of dollars. Only one among many who found fortune in the development of this great Western empire, he was still one of the wealthiest and one of those who had nothing of wrong-dealing with which to reproach himself in it all. He invited his brothers to come and share in his good fortune. They came. He gave them money with which to engage in business, again and again, and paid their enormous liabilities as they failed time after time. He gave them princely mansions, and furnished them magnificently at his own individual expense. He took them in as partners in various lines of business—banking and others. He abided

in silence and patience the results of their costly errors and stupid mismanagement. He did not listen, as a less affectionate and tender-hearted man might have done, to the common-sense advice of his lawyer; he called the advice cruel—sometimes. When his brothers overdraw their bank accounts, which were numbered by thousands of dollars, he only smiled and made them tens of thousands. When this young man rode away, one night, and never came back the same man he was before, these brothers owed him more than a million dollars each!"

"Well?"

"Now that he has returned, another man, they assert his insanity; they hint his never having been the man he was; insane, if he and his lawyer can show that the body in which Paul Walldon dwells is the same as the one which was once the clay house of Carl Manniston; impostor, if you and I fail in that. That is their line of intended action."

"Well? What is the question I asked? And its answer?"

"The man who took Ethel Atherton away to-night is a man who means to marry her. He took her to his brother's house. His name is Baal Manniston!"

"Ah? I see. It is a fight, then?"

"It is a fight—to the death!" said the lawyer.

"I never liked delay—"

"Nor I," said Mr. Barnard.

"Let us go and see Baal Manniston."

"Agreed. I was about to propose that myself. Come here, to this window. That is Dale Manniston's house, yonder; you gave him that house; you gave him the means to live in it in the style he does. And what has he done? he and his brother? Baal is there to-night, because Ethel Atherton has a shelter under his brother's roof. There is a light in the library; there is unholy plotting going on there, no doubt. Let us go there and ask those two men what they know about the mystery of the Night Express, and—"

"In God's name, Mr. Barnard, you do not think you cannot believe—"

"I do. Some one did what we know was done. Whoever did it had a motive. And so—Hark! Did you hear that? and that? Let us hurry!"

It was evident to Mr. Ratcliffe Dangerford, as he approached Dale Manniston's mansion, that there was much going on there. The rooms in several parts of the house were brilliantly lighted. And that, of course, being an indication that the people inside were busy, was also an indication that he wasn't wanted. That, however, made no difference to him. He would, most likely, have been unwelcome anyway. But—he was going to see Mr. Baal Manniston, just the same.

He rang the bell. The servant informed him that Mr. Manniston was engaged. He informed the servant that that made no difference whatever; he came to see Mr. Manniston on business, and see Mr. Manniston he would.

The servant went up-stairs with that imperative message. He came back with positive orders to send "the intruder" away. As the servant used those words, I have no doubt his master had used them before him.

"I will see Baal Manniston," said Dangerford, emphatically; "and not all the powers of darkness shall prevent it."

He pushed his way past the servant, and strode on up-stairs.

He heard Baal's voice in a room at his right, and entered without delay or hesitation. Some one went out at a door on the opposite side of the room, just as he entered.

Dangerford found himself in a large and finely furnished library-room. Baal Manniston, looking worn and anxious, sat at a table near the centre of the room. He looked up, scornfully and contemptuously, as Dangerford entered. He looked down again, saying no word and making no sign until his visitor had, entirely uninvited, helped himself to a seat.

Then, he looked up again, and spoke.

"To what am I indebted—" he began.

"Come now," said Dangerford, "suppose you skip all that. Say you are glad to see me."

"I am not."

"Ah? No? Then do not say it. Speak the truth at all times, and try to induce others to do the same. That's good advice, isn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"Why didn't you follow it, then, with that fool of a gypsy girl of yours?"

"Who says I didn't?"

"She does."

"What?"

"Oh, yes, she does. I've had a talk with her—"

"Why should she talk with you? I don't believe it."

"You can believe it or not, just as you please. She talked, though. She had to—much as some one else will have to."

"Don't you dare to threaten me. If I submit to sit and listen to you, you must be civil and respectful. If you are not, I'll—"

"Bah! I wouldn't finish that. Because you know you wouldn't do it. Why do you sit and talk with me, unless you fear me?"

"I don't fear you. I fear no man."

"Perhaps you like me, then. I suppose you felt yourself a little above me, living here in style on another man's money, stealing when you can and begging when you must. You've been interested in the mines here, but I've dug mineral myself; you've owned a stage line, or, rather, your brother (I suppose I must still call him that) has, but I've driven the horses; I've been a soldier in this country when it was newer and more dangerous than it is now, and you—you had an army contract or two; I've been a nurse in more than one mining camp, and doctor, too, and I've never shrunk from any disease, no matter how malignant, while you—you have never been anything useful, and never will

be. I have no doubt you're ashamed of my company."

"If I were, I—"

"If you were, you'd be the contemptible cur you've always been. Carl Manniston, rich as he was, lucky as he was—and God knows he always was lucky—didn't hesitate to speak kindly to me in those old days when you would pass me without a look of recognition."

"Those old days, you say. Do you mean about the time that Mr. Atherton was killed?"

Dangerford winced a little. But his answer came almost instantly, and clear and ringing as a bell—fierce and contemptuous as the challenge of a devil.

"I mean the time just before Carl Manniston's wounded body took that awful journey on the Night Express! Just before you and Dale put him there!"

Baal Manniston sank back in his chair, pale and almost fainting.

"What—what do you know about that?" he gasped; "has Dale dared—"

"No. I know nothing. But I came up to-night to ask for information—"

"Well?"

"And money. Suppose you tell me just how it was. And then—suppose you make me a liberal offer to hold my tongue."

"Yes; suppose I do."

And a look of devilish malignity and cunning swept over his face. If Ratcliffe Dangerford had seen it, he should have taken warning.

(To be continued.)

THRILLING SCENES AT A FIRE.

THE Elberon apartment house, on the south-east corner of Madison Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street, New York city, was a pretentious-looking structure of brick and brownstone, five stories high; yet it was totally unprovided with the fire-escapes and means of quick exit required by the Building Law, passed last year. Consequently, when this death-trap caught fire on Monday morning of last week, a number of people on the upper floors were cut off by the flames and smoke from all means of exit. The members of three families were driven to the desperate expedient of leaping from third, fourth and fifth story windows into the nets held by the firemen on the sidewalk below. One woman, Mrs. Frances Westlake, was instantly killed by the fearful plunge. Her daughter and two sons, together with Mrs. Tyngberg and a servant, Mr. Seidenberg and his wife, and William Quirk, assistant foreman of a fire-engine, also suffered severe injuries, both from the flames and from the shock of jumping. The thrilling picture on page 104 shows what actually occurred at this fire, and illustrates the fearful peril to which too many families are exposed through the rapacity and criminal carelessness of builders.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.

THESE wonderful thermal springs are located near the geographical centre of the State of Arkansas. As a resort for invalids they stand without a rival. They are also rapidly becoming a great pleasure resort. The curative properties of the waters, the healthfulness of the climate, and the picturesque surroundings, all combine to make them what President Cleveland declares them to be—the "Nation's Sanitarium." They have also been designated, not inaptly, by a representative Englishman, as the "Pearl of Watering-places," and by many others are described as the "Bethesda of America."

Perhaps there is no place in the world where so many diseases have been effectually cured. Among the tens of thousands of visitors who have flocked thither annually, the instances are rare where no benefit has been received. The wonderful cures there performed by the use of the thermal and other mineral waters are truly marvelous, and many can only be credited by ocular evidence. They can scarcely, however, be exaggerated. Hundreds of despairing sufferers are, to their own complete surprise, constantly relieved and permanently cured, and depart from this famous resort joyously repeating its praises. Not a week passes but some remarkable cures of physical affliction are effected, and often where all hope of recovery had been abandoned.

The springs—over seventy in number—are grouped near each other, and issue from the western slope of a mountain, at the base of which is a continuous line of bath-houses. The temperature of the waters ranges from 93° to 157° Fahrenheit, and they are constant and unvarying in heat and quantity.

Tradition tells us that, hundreds of years ago, before these springs were discovered by civilized people, they were the favorite resort of the wild Indians, whose nomadic tribes carried from one to the other the accounts of the wonderful cures of the waters. De Soto sought, and very likely found by the "Natchez trace," these Fountains of Health, which Ponce de Leon searched for in vain. Then followed the Spaniards and the French traders and trappers. After the Louisiana purchase the Government of the United States became proprietor of this great property, and has recently sold the most of the ground contiguous to the springs, but has reserved the springs themselves perpetually from sale, and controls the same for the use and benefit of the millions of our afflicted and pleasure-seeking people.

Hot Springs, Ark., is the only resort of acknowledged attractions that is visited at all seasons of the year for both health and pleasure. The location, climate and surroundings are such that it is a most attractive and desirable place for those seeking either at any time of the year. The season for visitors has no opening or closing—it is perpetual.

The meteorological and thermometrical observations show all the natural conditions favorable to good health, and a climate as desirable as that of any other location in the world, the changes never reaching either extreme of heat or cold. The mean temperature at 6 o'clock A. M. for the year is about 50° above zero, and at noon, about 70°. The lowest temperature rarely reaches zero, and the highest rarely exceeds 96° above zero. The Summers can be spent there with more comfort than in many of the Northern cities. In Winter, the Northerner is delighted, and those who have made a single Winter visit there are always anxious to repeat it.

With the increased and improved accommodations, delightful climate and efficacy of Winter bathing, Hot Springs may justly claim to be the

greatest Winter resort of the Union. The health statistics of the past year, officially published, show in a resident population of 12,000 only 83 deaths, and among a visiting population of 35,000 only 79 deaths, being a little less than seven-tenths of one per cent. of the former and three-tenths of one per cent. of the latter. In the month of August, generally the most sickly in Southern climates, there was not a single death among the residents of Hot Springs.

The supply of hot water is inexhaustible. There is an abundance for drinking purposes and for bathing 15,000 people daily; the flow being, according to the estimate of David Dale Owen, the noted geologist, about 500,000 gallons daily. The hot waters are collected and utilized, only that portion which is not needed going to waste. The United States Government maintains complete control over these health-giving waters, and limits the charges for bathing. Well-built brick and substantial frame bath-houses have taken the places of the primitive structures. Commodious brick and frame hotels with all the modern conveniences have supplanted the former inelegant buildings.

In addition to the numerous thermal springs referred to, there are neighboring natural fountains of cool mineral waters whose unrivaled efficacy has been tested and approved by visitors from every clime.

But it is not alone the wonderful remedial qualities of the springs which form such great attractions. The native grandeur of that section, the diversified character of the scenery, lofty mountains, pine-clad hills and valleys, and crystal waters, all admirably interspersed, preclude the least monotony, and the eye never wearies in gazing upon Nature's loveliest and wildest productions.

Hot Springs is a well-regulated city. It is unique and cosmopolitan. It has all the appurtenances of a first-class city—a fine sewer system, water-works, gas and electric lights, street-cars, opera-house, extensive hotel accommodations and boarding-houses, good churches and school-houses.

The United States Government has recently erected a magnificent Army and Navy Hospital for soldiers and sailors. It has every necessary convenience, and is a credit to the Government and an ornament to Hot Springs.

Law and order prevail at Hot Springs and throughout Arkansas. Visitors are well received, and they are assured that the local authorities, supported by the dominant sentiment of the community, will extend to them the warmest welcome and full protection against impositions incident to all watering-places and health-resorts.

COUNT SPONNECK,

THE NEWLY APPOINTED DANISH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE auburn-haired, blue-eyed, dignified-looking gentleman who comes from Denmark as her Minister to the United States is the representative of an old and distinguished family of German origin which settled among the Danes two hundred years ago. He is the son of Count W. C. E. Sporneck, inheriting and representing large estates in Denmark, and who married a daughter of the noble house of Lowzow. Count Sporneck was for many years a prominent statesman of the kingdom, and the head and leader of the Conservative party since 1848. For thirty-three years he was Minister of Finance. When the throne of Greece was tendered to Prince George of Denmark, and when he was only eighteen years old, the King, his father, consented to his son accepting the Hellenic crown only on condition that a Danish statesman should accompany him there, and remain with him for a few years as his friend and adviser in the affairs of state. In looking over the kingdom for such an one, it was conceded on all sides that the most suitable and best-equipped statesman for the important and delicate mission was Count W. C. E. Sporneck. He remained with King George in Athens for two years, and then returned to Denmark.

Count F. W. Sporneck was born in Copenhagen in 1842, so that the new diplomat is in his forty-sixth year. He was educated at the University of Copenhagen, graduating in the sciences, languages, and law as a profession. After completing his university course he set out on a tour of foreign travel, and studied for a short while in the famous University of Heidelberg. When the Franco-German War broke out, he drew his sword in the cause of France as a Captain in the Auxiliary Army during the war, and was honored with the decoration of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. At the close of the war he entered the diplomatic service, and was Secretary of Legation at Paris, London and St. Petersburg, with occasional service in the Foreign Office at Copenhagen; and his recent promotion as Minister to this country was on the score of merit alone. His wife, Countess Sporneck, is the daughter of the Count of Brockenhuus-Schack, representative of one of the historical names, and long prominent in the affairs of Denmark. The new Minister entered upon his duties here under circumstances of peculiar sadness. While the son was crossing the Atlantic on his mission of good-will and friendship, the electric cable underneath him was flashing the tidings of the death of the distinguished Danish statesman, and the first thing he read in the newspapers on landing from the steamer was the death of his venerable father. In his bereavement Count Sporneck has the heartiest sympathy of many friends at the national capital.

THE LATE CHIEF-JUSTICE WAITE.

THE death of that eminent American jurist, Morrison R. Waite, Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, came very suddenly. He died at his residence, in Washington, on Friday morning of last week, the 23d inst. A cold had confined him to his bed during two or three days previous, but no alarm was felt. On Thursday night he was pronounced out of danger; but acute pneumonia set in, and at six o'clock on the following morning he expired, with scarcely a moment's warning. His son and daughter were at home; but Mrs. Waite was absent in California. The burial was announced to take place at Cleveland, O.; and President Cleveland issued an order closing all executive departments of the Government on the day of Justice Waite's funeral.

Morrison Remich Waite was the youngest son of a Chief-justice of his native State, and was born at Lyme, Conn., November 29th, 1816. He was graduated from Yale in the Class of 1837, with William M. Evarts, Edwards Pierpont, Professor Benjamin Silliman, and others, and began the study of law in the office of his father. He afterward went West and completed his studies with Samuel M. Young, of Maumee, O., with whom he

formed a partnership. In the year 1850 the firm established an office at Toledo, of which Mr. Waite took charge. Subsequently he entered into partnership with his brother Richard, and continued with him until he was elevated to the Chief-justiceship.

In 1849 he was elected a member of the Legislature of Ohio, and in 1862 was a Republican candidate for Congress against Edwin Phelps, but was defeated, at the same time receiving within 500 of all the votes cast at Toledo. Governor Brough tendered him a seat on the Supreme Bench of the State, but this he declined. His national reputation dated from his appointment as counsel for the United States in the arbitration at Geneva, involving the settlement of the *Alabama* claims against Great Britain. He was a member and President of the Constitutional Convention of Ohio called in 1873. Upon the death of Chief-justice Chase, after the Hon. George H. Williams and the Hon. Caleb Cushing had been successively nominated and withdrawn, Mr. Waite's name was sent by President Grant, and he was confirmed by the United States Senate by an almost unanimous vote. In March, 1874, he took the oath of his high office, and entered upon his duties.

Justice Waite was not an imposing man in appearance. He was of medium stature, his figure straight, and his head was large, well poised, and covered with hair almost as white as snow. His face was thoughtful and kindly. His family consisted of his wife, an unmarried daughter and the widow of his eldest son. His second son, C. C. Waite, is now Treasurer of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad at Cincinnati. Justice Waite's judicial circuit was the Fourth. It comprised the States of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina.

By his death, President Cleveland has at his disposal the appointment of a Democratic Chief-justice, who, when confirmed by the Senate, will be the first since Justice Taney.

THE REMOVAL OF THE BODY OF GEN. JOSÉ ANTONIO PAEZ.

ON Thursday of last week, General Jacinto R. Pachano, A. M. Soteldo, Ramon A. Paez, Francisco Carabano, Francisco Caballero, and Louis F. Castello, of the committee on behalf of the Venezuelan Government, together with a Citizens' Committee, including several prominent New Yorkers, removed from a vault in the Marble Cemetery in Second Street, between First and Second Avenues, the coffin containing the remains of General José Antonio Paez, the "Liberator" of Venezuela. The coffin-plate bore this inscription: "General José A. Paez, Murió Nueva York, el 6 de Mayo, 1873, á los 84 Años de Edad." The son of the deceased identified the plate and the coffin. This latter was placed in an oak box, which was then sealed up and taken to the Governor's Room, in the City Hall, where it lay in state on Friday, with a guard of Seventh Regiment Veterans. The national, State and municipal flags were placed at half-staff, by order of Mayor Hewitt. The coffin was draped with the Venezuelan and United States colors. On Saturday the remains were transferred, with military honors, to the United States ship *Pensacola*, which is to take them to Venezuela.

General Paez, it will be remembered, was a victorious commander of the Venezuelan forces in the revolt against the dominion of Spain. He was afterwards three times President of Venezuela, and came to be regarded as the Washington of his country. He died in this city, and his funeral took place on May 10th, 1873, in St. Stephen's Church.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EUROPEAN specialists have made the curious observation that acute rheumatism is more prevalent in dry than in rainy weather.

SOFT, thin, waxed paper is found to answer the purpose of oiled silk or muslin in the majority of dressings and is much cheaper.

PROFESSORS TROWBRIDGE AND HUTCHINS, of Harvard College, report that their extensive and careful researches tend to disprove that oxygen exists in any part of the sun.

It has been calculated that on an average each man who attains the age of seventy consumes during the course of his life 20 wagon-loads of food, solid and liquid. At 4 tons to the wagon, this would correspond to an average of about 100 ounces of food per day, or say about 120 ounces per day during adult life and about 80 ounces during infancy and youth. Most modern doctors agree in regarding 120 ounces of food per day, corresponding to 5 or 6 half-pints of liquid food and 7 or 8 pounds of solid food, as in excess of the real daily requirements of a healthy man or woman. Yet probably most of us take more than this, in one way or another, during the day. Dr. Lankester, from an extensive analysis of the dietary of soldiers, sailors, prisoners and the better paid classes of artisans and professional men in London, found the average daily quantity of solid and liquid food to be 143 ounces. Doubtless many take much less, but unquestionably many take much more than this.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MARCH 16TH.—In Oxford, N. J., Colonel Charles Scranton. MARCH 17TH.—At Whitestone Landing, L. I., Amelia Lewis Freund, musician and writer, aged 63 years; in New York, ex-Governor Horace Fairbanks, of Vermont, aged 68 years. MARCH 19TH.—In New York, Cornelius A. Runkle, the well-known lawyer, aged 63 years; in New York, Captain Francis R. Baby, formerly Superintendent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, aged 64 years; in New York, Daniel Sweeny, the veteran Irish Nationalist, aged 78 years; in Augusta, Ga., ex-Senator John P. King, aged 80 years. MARCH 20TH.—In Elizabeth, N. J., Captain H. A. Palmer, of Company E, Third Regiment, N. G. S. N. J. MARCH 21ST.—In Providence, R. I., Dr. William B. Goldsmith, Superintendent of the Butler Asylum for the Insane, aged 35 years; in Pittsburgh, Pa., Colonel David Campbell, aged 65 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Professor James S. Booth, the eminent chemist of Haverford College, aged 78 years; in New York, General George W. Cass, aged 78 years. MARCH 22D.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., John Tasker Howard, senior deacon of Plymouth Church, aged 80 years; in New York, James M. Halsted, President of the American Fire Insurance Company, aged 80 years; at Fort Trumbull, Surgeon William C. Spencer, United States Army, aged 50 years; in St. Louis, Mo., Colonel Thomas M'Kissock, President of the Council Bluffs and St. Louis Railroad, aged 65 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is reported that the River and Harbor Bill will appropriate \$18,000,000.

RUSSIA asks Turkey to join in a blockade of the Bulgarian ports to compel the abdication of Prince Ferdinand.

THE Senate Committee on Territories have agreed to a Bill to create a Territorial government for Alaska.

THE engineers' strike on the Santa Fé Railway system lasted only two days, when it was declared off by Chief Arthur.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Bill extending the provisions of the eight-hour law to letter carriers.

THE Banquet Theatre, in Oporto, Portugal, was burned by an explosion of gas, on the 20th inst., and about a hundred persons perished.

THE British Government has annexed the three Islands of Christmas, Fanning and Pen-Rhyn, in the East Pacific. They are to be used as coaling-stations.

A PHILADELPHIA court has granted an order permitting the stockholders in the Keely motor to inspect the invention—a privilege which has hitherto been denied them.

It is stated by Mr. Powderly that all differences between the Brotherhood of Engineers and the Knights of Labor have been settled, and the two organizations will hereafter work together.

THE last New England monopoly is a Halibut Trust, which has now been organized about one year, and which has a majority of the large fish-dealers of Boston and Gloucester in the ring.

THE friends of the international copyright movement, in and out of Congress, now feel very confident that the first step in the direction of their desire will be taken by Congress this session.

THE Prohibition members of the City Council of Atlanta, Ga., have defeated a proposition to devote a part of the income from the liquor tax to supplying the scholars in the public schools with free books.

THE United States Senate has passed a Bill appropriating \$100,000 for the erection, in Washington, of a monument to the negro soldiers and sailors who gave their lives for the preservation of the Government.

THE British House of Commons last week rejected, by a vote of 328 to 243, Mr. Parnell's Arrears of Rent Bill. It is evident that the Commons are determined not to deal with the arrears question on a liberal basis.

A MOVEMENT for the erection of a statue of Horace Greeley in City Hall Park, New York, has been started by one of the Typographical Unions of the city in connection with a Grand Army Post bearing the name of the illustrious journalist.

THE friends of General Hancock have raised sufficient money to purchase a house in Washington for Mrs. Hancock. The house is a large three-story brown and white stone structure, and will be formally presented to Mrs. Hancock about April 1st.

ONE of the severest storms of the Winter swept over Dakota, Wisconsin and other Western States last week. On the 20th a hurricane visited parts of Tennessee and Georgia, causing some loss of life and great destruction of property. In Montana much damage has been done by floods in the Missouri River.

TWENTY-THREE persons were killed and many others injured by an accident on the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad near Blackshear, Ga., on the 17th inst. The accident was apparently caused by the baggage-car jumping the track while on a trestle, and plunging the train to the ground below, a distance of forty feet.

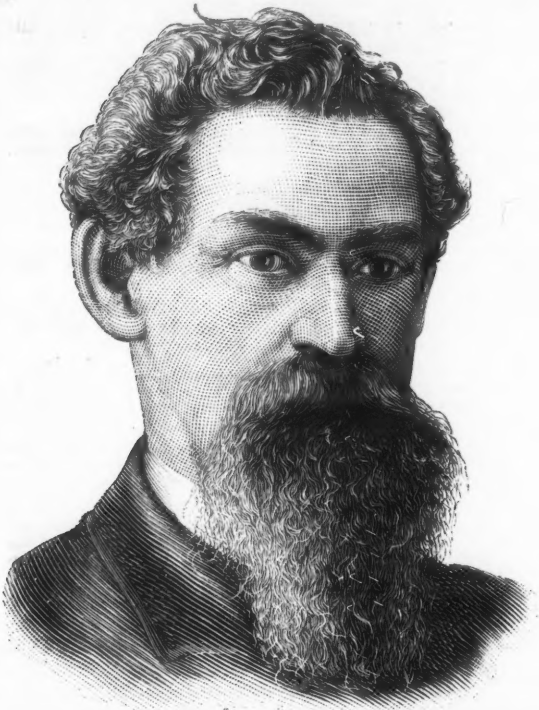
THE Rhode Island Democratic State Convention last week nominated the existing State officers with the exception of Samuel E. Honey, the Lieutenant-governor, who withdrew in favor of Howard H. Smith, of Newport, now Chief of the Governor's Staff. The Republicans have nominated Hon. Royal C. Taft as their candidate for Governor.

A CREW of oyster-dredgers recently escaped from enforced labor and hardship, in Chesapeake Bay, by seizing the schooner during the temporary absence of the captain, and making their way to Baltimore, where they gave themselves up to the police. They were simple foreigners who had shipped in October last, and had been held without payment ever since.

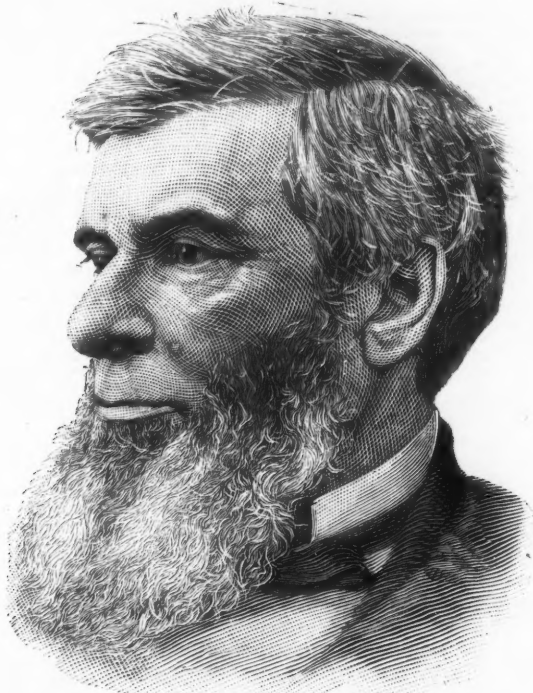
It is possible that the seal fisheries in Behring Sea will be the cause of more trouble during the coming Summer than the cod and mackerel fisheries on the shores of the North Atlantic. It is said that some of the vessels fitted out for sealing are preparing to go armed, and to resist the efforts of the revenue cutters to capture and confiscate them when fishing outside of what they consider the local waters of Alaska.

EMPEROR FREDERICK of Germany last week addressed messages to the various legislative bodies of the Empire, in the spirit of his first proclamation to his people. In the message to the Prussian Landtag, he acknowledges that the condition of his health prevents him from personally taking the constitutional oath. His doctors now urge complete rest, and the Emperor will probably soon proceed to Wiesbaden. It is not believed that he can long withstand the ravages of his disease. The appearance of his throat is thus explained: There is a silver tube with a funnel opening in the front of the throat near the chest. This is covered at the outlet by perforated silk and cotton. There is a circulation of air through it. The Emperor can only speak in monosyllables when he covers this orifice with a silk pad.

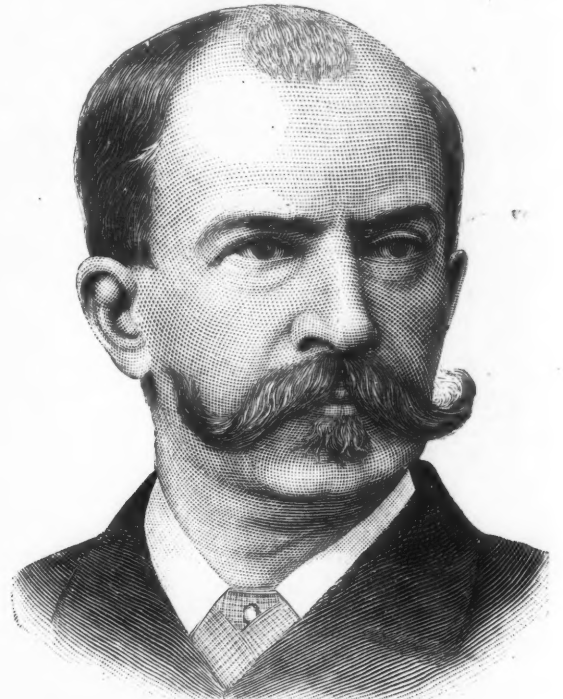
THOUGH snow is a genial element to Russians, yet even they complain when they get too much of it. A month ago a real blizzard passed over South Russia, burying the towns, villages and railroads. All communications were interrupted for days and weeks in places where for fifty years the people had not seen a real snowstorm. Many trains were forced to stop in snowy wildernesses, and many persons narrowly escaped death from starvation. Russian peasants usually do not freeze to death, as they know how to save themselves when caught in a snowstorm. But many Jews have perished in Poland during the recent blizzard. In many villages wolves have destroyed all the dogs, and the hungry bears, too, made day visits to some farms. Thus the Russian peasants were obliged to fight at the same time against the blizzard and the beasts.



INDIANA.—HON. STROTHER M. STOCKSLAGER, THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE.
PHOTO. BY M. KETSKEMETHY.



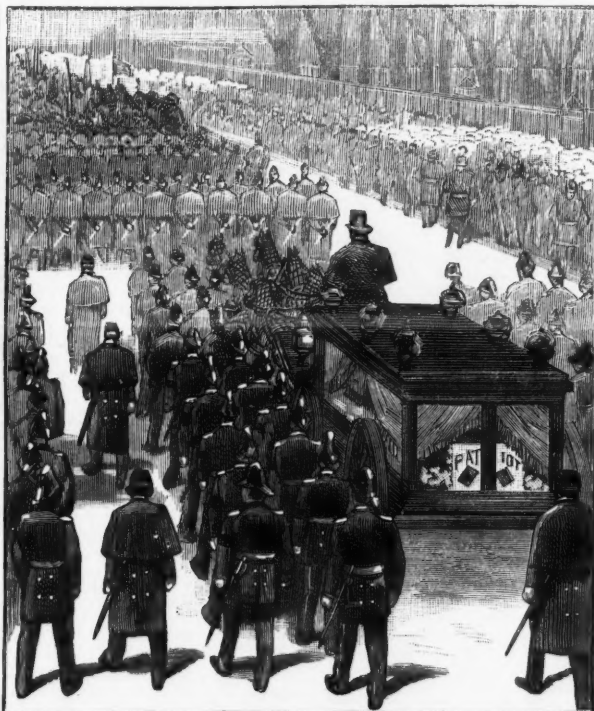
THE LATE MORRISON R. WAITE, CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.
SEE PAGE 107.



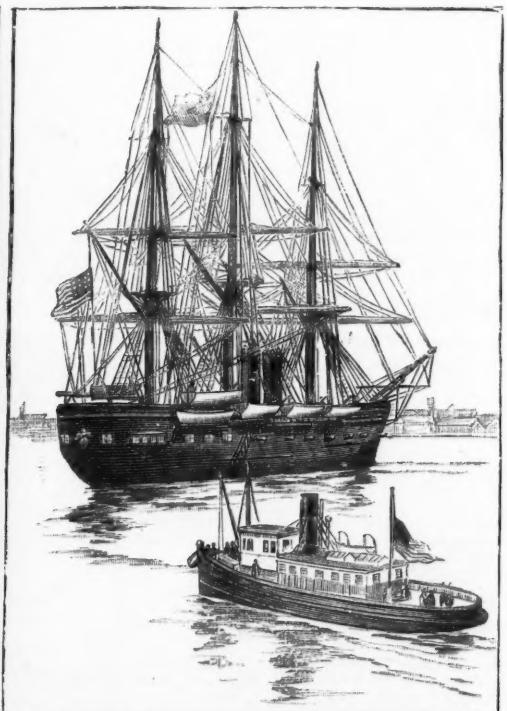
HIS EXCELLENCY COUNT SPONECK, MINISTER FROM DENMARK TO THE UNITED STATES.
PHOTO. BY HANSEN & WELER, COPENHAGEN.—SEE PAGE 107.



Lying in State at the City Hall.



Procession from the Marble Cemetery, Second Street.

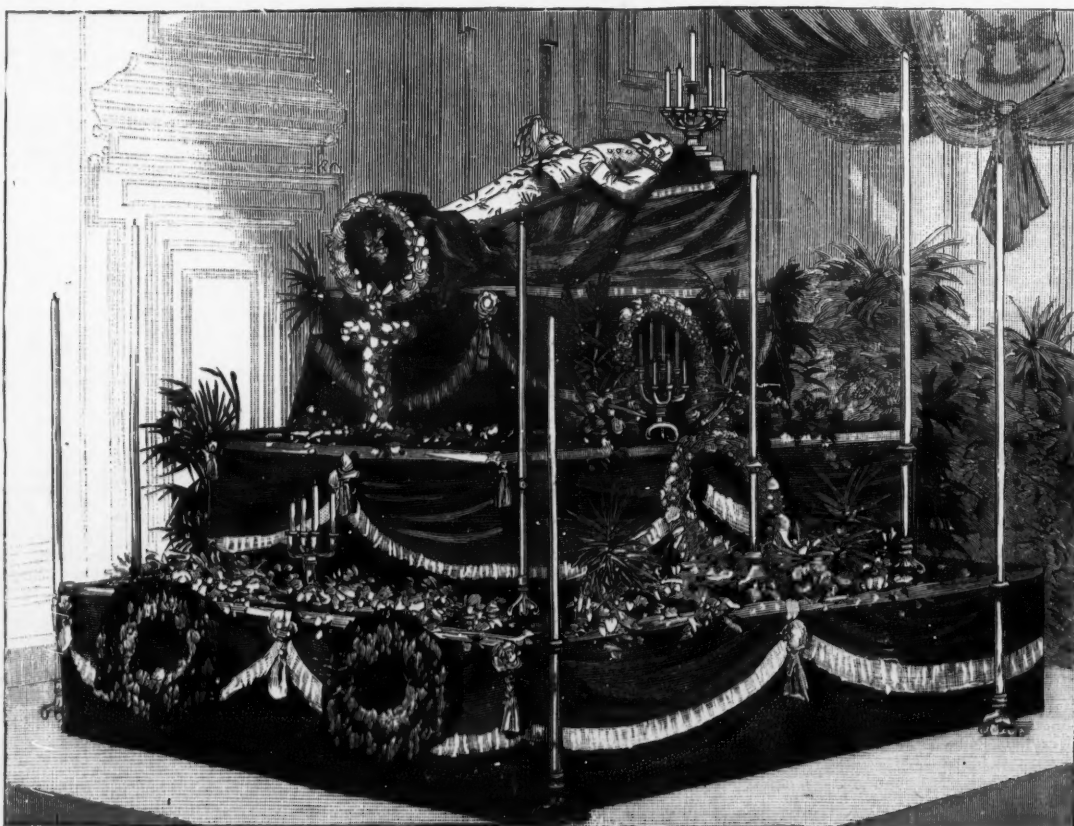


The United States Ship "Pensacola."

NEW YORK CITY.—REMOVAL OF THE BODY OF GENERAL JOSÉ ANTONIO PÁEZ, THE VENEZUELAN LIBERATOR, FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 107.

HON. S. M. STOCKSLAGER, THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has just made another important appointment which meets with general approval, that of the Hon. S. M. Stockslager to succeed Judge Sparks (resigned) as Commissioner of the General Land Office. Strother M. Stockslager was brought up a "farmer's boy," and, as his name indicates, is of German origin. He was born on the banks of the Ohio River, at Mauckport, Harrison County, Ind., May 7th, 1842. He received his primary education in the common schools of his native county, and was a teacher at seventeen years of age. He finished his education in the Corydon Seminary and the State University at Bloomington. He enlisted in the Federal Army as a private, and was mustered out a Captain in the Thirtieth Regiment, Indiana Cavalry. After the war he studied law and was admitted to the Bar. Upon the recommendation of Congressman M. C. Kerr, President Johnson appointed him Assessor of Internal Revenue for his district. In 1871 he commenced the practice of law at Corydon, Ind., and continued at it up to September, 1885. He is regarded as one of the best lawyers in Southern Indiana. In 1874 he was elected to the State Senate, and served on the Judiciary Committee, taking high rank as a clear-headed legislator. In 1880 he was elected a Representative to the Forty-seventh Congress, and re-elected to the Forty-eighth Congress in 1882. He was made Chairman of the



LOUISIANA.—SERVICE IN MEMORY OF EMPEROR WILLIAM I. OF GERMANY, AT THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS, THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 15TH—THE CATAFALQUE.
PHOTO. BY G. MOSES.

Committee on Public Grounds, and was on the Committee on Pensions also. In Congress he was regarded as a man of ability, and as an indefatigable worker.

At the close of Mr. Stockslager's term in Congress, the Indiana Congressional delegation, together with Vice-president Hendricks and ex-Senator McDonald, united in presenting his name to the President for Commissioner of the General Land Office. After the appointment of General Sparks to that office he was appointed Assistant Commissioner, which position he held until his recent promotion to that of Commissioner. His appointment is very generally designated as the "right man in the right place."

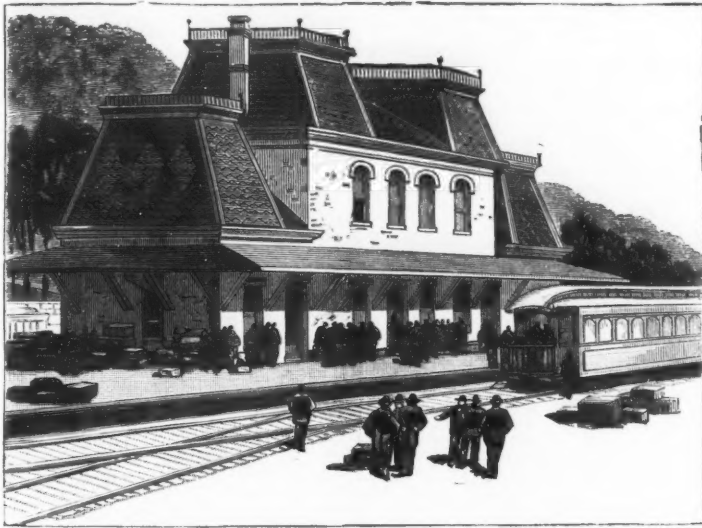
In politics, Captain Stockslager has always been a straightforward Democrat of the Jeffersonian type.

IN MEMORY OF EMPEROR WILLIAM.

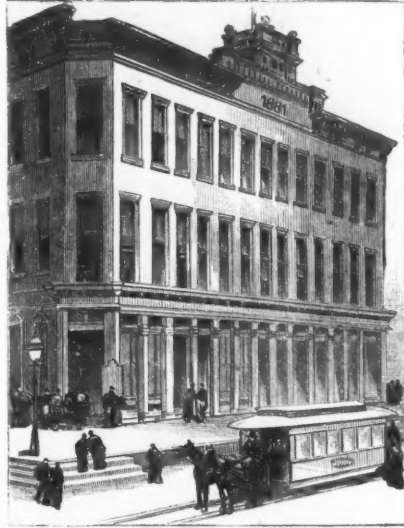
IMPRESSIVE memorial services in honor of the late Emperor William I. were held by the German citizens of New Orleans, at the St. Charles Theatre, on the evening of the 15th inst. The German Consul, Mr. J. Kruttschnitt, presided, and the exercises included music, vocal and instrumental, and orations in German and English by Rev. I. L. Leucht and Hon. J. R. G. Pitkin. The "National Anthem" and the German Hymn were finely rendered by a male chorus with orchestral accompaniment. The services were in every way worthy of the German



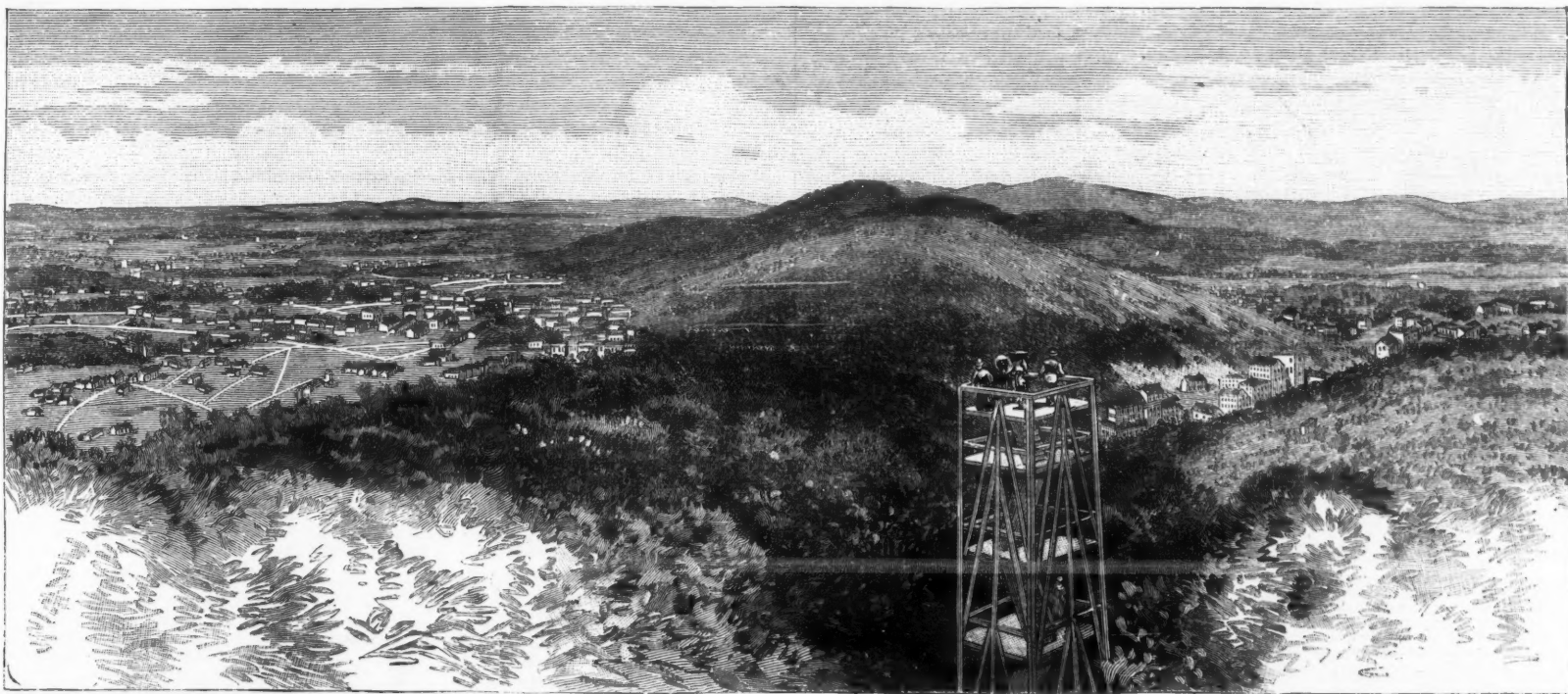
OPERA HOUSE.



RAILROAD DEPOT.



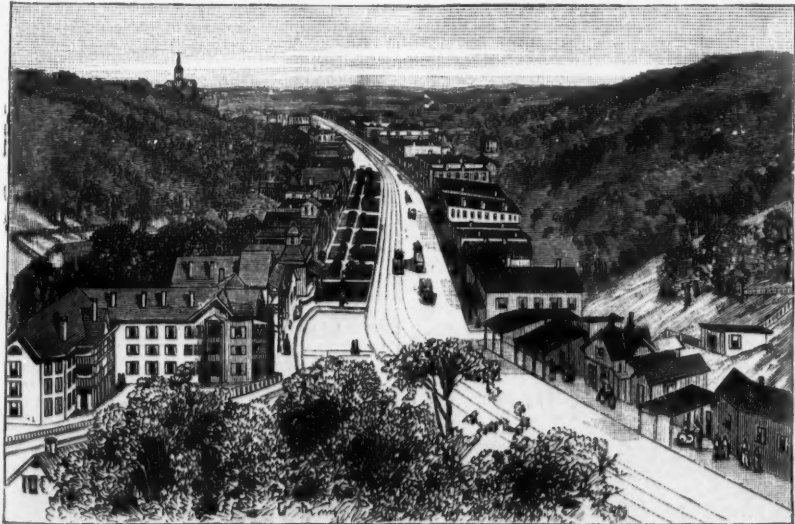
THE CITY POST-OFFICE.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE TOWN OF HOT SPRINGS FROM THE MOUNTAIN OBSERVATORY.



HOT SPRINGS, SHOWING PRINCIPAL STREET, BATH-HOUSES, AND ARMY AND NAVY HOSPITAL.



CENTRAL AVENUE.



WHITTINGTON AVENUE.

ARKANSAS.—VIEWS IN HOT SPRINGS, THE FAMOUS HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 107.

citizens of the Southern metropolis. We are indebted to Mr. R. H. Benners, Secretary of the Committee of Arrangements, for the illustration which appears on page 108.

A SEASONABLE TOPIC.

In our grandfathers' days they marked the flight of time by the "Old Farmer's Almanac." Now, the omnipresent *Calendar* is a perpetual reminder of the fleeting seasons.

The days in a year do not outnumber the sizes, shapes and styles in which it appears; and alike in the merchant's counting-room or lady's boudoir, it seems to have become one of the necessities of the utilitarian age in which we live.

The artist's talent, the engraver's cunning, and the printer's skill, combine in this connection to blend the ornamental with the useful; and the result is calendars of every degree of excellence—good, better and best.

The latter includes the one issued by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, which will be forwarded to any address, securely inclosed, on receipt of 25 cts.

FORTY YEARS OF INSURANCE.

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia sums up its forty years of business in more than sixty one millions of outstanding insurance, of which over twelve millions was written during 1887, and a surplus as regards policy-holders of nearly two and a half millions. The gross assets of the company exceed twelve millions of dollars, and are represented only by the best and most unquestioned securities. In a recent issue of this paper was published the statement in detail of the work and the condition of the company, and it was one reflecting credit upon its managers, and giving security and encouragement to its patrons.

OF INTEREST TO BUSINESS MEN.

A SERIES of articles on Commerce, Manufacturing and Finance, appropriately illustrated, will appear in the columns of this paper in the near future. The facts and subjects for illustrations being gathered directly from the great houses and firms throughout the country will make these papers most valuable as well as interesting, and in consequence a large extra circulation by a new plan is promised.

FUN.

In all kinds and degrees of sprains SALVATION OIL, with rest, will effect a speedy cure. Of 60,000,000 American population, it is said, one-third use Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

"Do you know," said Bass, "that I'm just tired to death meeting the same people every morning on my way down and every evening when I go home?" "But why don't you try some other route?" "I would, only it would please the folks that meet me too much."

STICK TO YOUR DOCTOR.

If your physician is doing you good, you are improving, and you feel assured he is curing you, then stick to him. Follow his directions. Give him a chance to do the best his skill and experience will allow. But if you do not appear to be improving, or worse still, if you seem to be slowly but surely growing weaker, then do not hesitate to send to Drs. STARKY & FALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., a full account of all your symptoms, and you will receive by return mail, free of charge, a candid opinion of your case and some books that will surely interest you.

INSTRUCTOR (sternly)—"Mr. Freshly, this is the third time that you have handed in only three pages of written matter, while the rest of the class hand in five." Freshly, "Yes, sir; but (struck with bright idea), I use ever so much thicker paper."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

LOOK THE GROUND OVER.

TO ENABLE all parties interested to visit the rich country reached by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway system, and familiarize themselves with the magnificent opportunities offered for settlement and investment, the Northwestern Company will, at frequent intervals during the months of March, April, May and June, sell land excursion tickets from all principal points to various points in Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and Nebraska, at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip. These tickets will be good for return passage any time within thirty days from date of sale, and will be good for stop-over on the going trip. For full particulars apply to the nearest ticket agent, or address E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

DR. M. W. CASE of Philadelphia, the well known specialist in lung and throat diseases, writes: "A few days since I received an order from Havre, France, and Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, both from advertisements in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY." Thus does this moral by repetition become so familiar that the most careful advertiser cannot fail to see it plainly.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

For Your Own Benefit.

Whenever a druggist refuses to supply you with RIKER'S RELIABLE AND LEGALLY GUARANTEED PREPARATIONS, just set him down for a RING man and patronize him NO MORE. You can always get our goods of any independent or reasonable druggist or drygoods house, or at our retail store, 353 6th Ave. INSIST and PERSIST in having goods which always give perfect satisfaction at about one-half the price generally demanded for inferior goods.

WM. B. RIKER & SON, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists, 353 6th Ave., New York.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

FARMERS and others who have a little leisure time for the next few months will find it their interest to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, whose advertisement appears in another column. They offer great inducements to persons to work for them all or part of their time.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SOME KIN TO THE DEVIL.

A QUEER thing happened in an up-stairs *café* a day or two ago. A rather dyspeptic-looking man had dined and was preparing to smoke a cigarette over his black coffee. As he lighted the match and held it to his lips a slight convulsion passed over his features and a jet of flame flashed from his mouth to the match with an audible report. Medical works relate such cases. In Ewald's book on indigestion the analysis of the gas in one of these cases showed carbonic acid, hydrogen, carbureted hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and a trace of sulphuretted hydrogen. The best precaution against being converted into an explosive fire-devil will be to look to the proper digestion of your food. As all intelligent readers are aware, pepsins are the specific remedy for this stomachic disorder. My readers will remember that recently I quoted an article from one of the chief medical journals, in which Jensen's Pepsin was considered not alone a specific for dyspepsia and indigestion, but a prompt remedy in catarrhal affections, particularly of the pharyngeal type. It rests with the public in selecting a pepsin which will accomplish the object in view. For the aid of the dyspeptic public we submit the following clipping from the *American Analyst*, of this city, which speaks for itself:

Comparative Tests of Pepsins.—These tests made by the *American Analyst* consisted of twelve samples of pepsin manufactured by six different firms. All of these were obtained at drugstores, and, after being emptied into clean glass bottles, were numbered from 1 to 12 and handed to two different chemists without any knowledge on their part as to the maker of any of the samples submitted. Their reports are as follows:

Number of grains of egg-albumen, in finely pulverized form, dissolved by two grains of pepsin in six hours at a temperature of 100-103 degrees F.:

Sample No. 1.....	18 grains.
" 2.....	19.7 "
" 3.....	Inert.
" 4.....	"
" 5.....	508 grains.
" 6.....	506 "
" 7.....	2,018 "
" 8.....	2,007 "
" 9.....	174 "
" 10.....	336 "

It is fair to add that specimens Nos. 7 and 8 were Carl Jensen's Crystal Pepsin.

With these statements, we leave the matter to be judged by the reader. For the convenience of the public, Carl L. Jensen's Crystal Pepsin is now compressed into small tablets and sold by all reputable druggists. The headquarters for Carl L. Jensen's Pepsin Tablets are No. 161 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

TO NERVOUS MEN.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous, debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

Containing the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites combined with the Fattening and Strengthening qualities of Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased.

A Remedy for Consumption.
For Wasting in Children.
For Scrofulous Affections.
For Anæmia and Debility.
For Coughs, Colds & Throat Affections.

In fact, ALL diseases where there is an inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula or blood poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Fever-sore, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Eating Sores or Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties, if taken in time. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Bilioussness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

PAIN-EXPELLER!

is acknowledged to be the best and most efficacious Remedy for GOUT and RHEUMATISM, as testified by Thousands of people. Who has once tried this excellent Remedy will always keep the "PAIN EXPELLER" trademark "Anchor" in his house. Sold by all Chemists. Price 50 Cents.

F. A. D. RICHTER & Co.
310, BROADWAY, NEW YORK and LONDON
E.C. 1, RAILWAY PLACE, FEN-CHURCH STREET, who will, on application, be pleased to send full particulars gratis by post.



Manly Purity and Beauty

No tongue nor pen can do justice to the esteem in which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Having been a sufferer for two years and a half from a disease caused by a bruise on the leg, and having been cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other methods and remedies failed, I deem it my duty to recommend them. I visited Hot Springs to no avail, and tried several doctors without success, and at last our principal druggist, Mr. John P. Finlay (to whom I shall ever feel grateful), spoke to me about CUTICURA, and I consented to give them a trial, with the result that I am perfectly cured. There is now no sore about me. I think I can show the largest surface where my sufferings sprang from of any one in the State.

ALEXANDER BEACH, Greenville, Miss.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

If I had known of the CUTICURA REMEDIES twenty-eight years ago, it would have saved me \$200.00 (two hundred dollars) and an immense amount of suffering. My disease (Psoriasis) commenced on my head in a spot not larger than a cent. It spread rapidly all over my body and got under my nails. The scales would drop off of me all the time, and my suffering was endless and without relief. One thousand dollars would not tempt me to have this disease over again. I am a poor man, but feel rich to be relieved of what some of the doctors said was leprosy, some ringworm, psoriasis, etc. I took . . . and . . . Sarsaparilla over one year and a half, but no cure. I went to two or three doctors, and no cure. I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too much. They have made my skin as clear and free from scales as a baby's. All I used of them was three boxes of CUTICURA, and three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and two cakes of CUTICURA SOAP. If you had been here and said you would have cured me for \$200.00, you would have had the money. I looked like the picture in your book of Psoriasis (picture number two, "How to Cure Skin Diseases"), but now I am as clear as any person ever was. Through force of habit I rub my hands over my arms and legs to scratch once in a while, but to no purpose. I am all well. I scratched twenty-eight years, and it got to be a kind of second nature to me. I thank you a thousand times. Any one who reads this may write to me, and I will answer it.

DENNIS DOWNING, Waterbury, Vt.

HANDS Soft, white, and free from chaps and redness, by using CUTICURA SOAP.

The Finest Meat-flavoring Stock.
USE IT FOR SOUPS,
Beef Tea, Sauces and Made Dishes.



EXTRACT OF MEAT

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Ltd., London.

Darlington, Runk & Co.
IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS.

Silks & High-class Dress Fabrics

Correspondence solicited from all sections of the country regarding Materials, Estimates and Samples for

Brides' Trousseaux, Costumes, WRAPS, ETC.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

ONLY FOR
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine.

Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents, 5 vials by mail for \$1.00.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

TO ALL suffering from Nervous Debility, Wasting Weakness of Body, Mind, etc., I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and strength, free of charge. A splendid medical work. Should be read by every one who is weak, nervous and debilitated. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

The Old Doctors

Drew blood, modern doctors cleanse it; hence the increased demand for Alteratives. It is now well known that most diseases are due, not to over-abundance, but to impurity, of the Blood; and it is equally well attested that no blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"One of my children had a large sore break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies, for a while, thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alterative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

Recommended

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned." — J. J. Armstrong, Weimar, Texas.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time." — E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier." — W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"Ayer's medicines continue to be the standard remedies in spite of all competition." — T. W. Richmond, Bear Lake, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Dead People

Are walking around in our midst all the time; dead to ambition, enterprise and progress, they never get on, and live and go down in obscurity and poverty. Live people should write Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn how to make \$1 and upwards per hour. All is free, and after learning all, should you conclude not to engage, no harm is done. You can live at home and do the work. Either sex, all ages. A great reward awaits every worker. Write and see. Capital not needed; you are started free. All can do the work. No special ability required.

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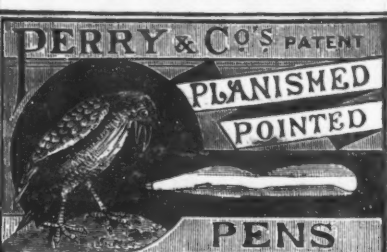
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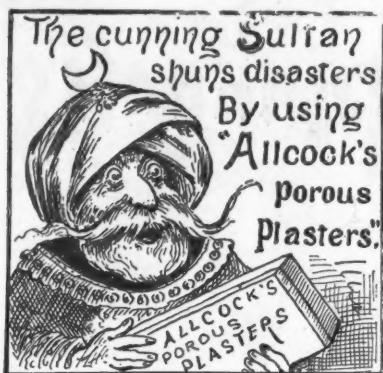
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